

SUPPLEMENT THE ANTIOCH NEWS

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1908

IMPRESSING ISABEL.

By ELLIOT WALKER.

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"I'm sure I don't know how I am ever to get out of this scrape." The girl peered helplessly from the antiquated shed, shuddering at the thunder crashes close on the heels of every flash of lightning.

A deluge of rain swept across the wild pastures. The brook, fifty feet away, roared between its alder lined banks.

Upon her wide hat fell a steady drizzle from the leaky roof, and her thin dress was fast dampening in the mist driven shelter.

She forced a laugh. Isabel Lynn was not easily daunted. Of course it was lonely and wet and very shattering to the nerves, but she was perfectly safe. Oh, yes; let her thank her stars to be secure under the friendly boards.

Suddenly a gasp broke from her. She shrank back. Something was coming with leaps through the high weeds growing rankly at the corner of her retreat. Through Isabel's startled brain tore thoughts of dangerous animals. The near mountains might hold anything. She covered into the farthest corner. Surely the thing would go by.

But it didn't. It dashed under the shed, with a loud snort, blowing and shaking vigorously, then stood gazing at the storm, and words came to Isabel's horrified ears in a steady stream of disgusted wrath.

"Well, if this doesn't beat me! Look at my shoes! Look at my new flannel suit! My hat is ruined! The next time I go tramping around on the trail of a girl I'll know it. Foster Allison, you're an unmitigated ass. I guess the charming Miss Lynn will not have the pleasure of meeting you! Girls! Bah! I'll take the first train home. I wish I'd never heard of her."

"So do I!" sounded a voice in his rear. The man jumped and wheeled. He saw a slender, white gowned figure straighten up, take a forward step and then halt. A clasp of thunder drowned his exclamation. Then his jaw fell.

"Did you speak, sir?" indignantly. "I tried to. Really, I—I am overjoyed to—be here, Miss Lynn. Of course you are—you—that is—bless my soul! So unexpected, you know. Quite a shower."

He cut a ridiculous figure in his starling embarrassment, pulling off the wrecked straw hat, bowing in his soaked garments, greatly at loss for words, woefully conscious of what he had said. And he knew that Isabel Lynn had heard him as a model of courtesy and easy manners.

He scraped a hesitating toe in the dirt, smiling idiotically. Was it for this—his fifty mile journey?

"Isabel is extremely particular and sensitive to first impressions," his Aunt Julia had said. "Here is your letter of introduction, Foster. It's silly to go crazy over a photograph, but go ahead. She is worth it. Everything depends upon the way she is approached. I've praised you to her up to the skies."

The girl stepped nearer, eying him in scornful amusement. Her eyes were bright with ill concealed desire to humiliate. The dampness had curled her disordered hair in bewitching rings about her white forehead. Roses shone in the smooth cheeks where sarcastic dimples played.

Allston thought he had never seen a more lovely face nor one so unrepentable. Idly swinging her hat, she surveyed him curiously, with a chilling hauteur, which stung him to steadiness and a reckless impulse to retort.

"When one summons at a farmhouse and takes long strolls an occasional wetting must be expected, Mr. Allston," said Isabel evenly. "You shouldn't mind your new suit or your shoes. Dear me, how childish! I have heard that you could afford to disregard trifles. I wasn't to blame. You needn't have 'trailed' me."

Allston regarded her in silence. There was more than a hint of disappointment in Isabel's tone. Had she been prejudiced in his favor only to react sharply at his boyish outburst?

Surely some humor lay in the situation. Couldn't the girl see it? He reflected dismally that many women never forgive slighting remarks, even when uttered in unmeaning carelessness.

The cool voice went on. "I suppose they told you at the house that I was over this way?" Foster nodded.

"And you never imagined I might be in this shed?"

"A head shake."

"You must have had me very much on your mind. Were I a big man seeking a lost damsel my idea would be to keep my eyes open for the shelters to which she would sensibly run, not lose my wits in selfish consideration of raiment and then anathematize the lady."

She laughed cuttingly.

Allston's countenance was reddening. "Why don't you speak?" The uplift of her chin was a challenge for his reply. She would laugh and forgive him

after sufficient reduction. "I'm thinking," said Allston slowly. "I'm trying to make out what chance I have of—of—"

"What chance?" Her eyes opened wide at his seeming audacity. "Of catching the 6 o'clock train. It's getting late."

"Oh!" Isabel looked down, then up. A strange darkness was settling down upon the earth. Both had forgotten the storm, now grumbling back from the south. The man stepped out in the rain. In a moment he returned. His face was set in hard, worried lines.

"You'll put on my coat, and we'll get into the open," said he decidedly. "I may be a fool, but I know something of cloudbursts. This building isn't safe. Quick!"

A sharp command, a clutch beneath her arm, then a rapid holing over rough ground, through a peit of huge drops, to a low stone wall, and Isabel, breathless, felt herself pulled to her knees, while a strong arm clasped her firmly.

Forgetting all save the recognition of superior strength and judgment, appalled by the murky blackness, the reverberating shocks of heaven's artillery thundering over the hills, she nestled against him, with a little cry, as before her frightened gaze a broad sheet of flame showed bending trees flattened to earth and a distant rail fence flung into flying wreckage.

The man held her more tightly with an unconscious pressure. His face was set and steady, tense in his watching, yet filled with that bold, half smiling light seen on the visages of those who fearlessly face danger.

The next bright dare found her eyes meeting his in a look as rapid and intense as the lightning itself. The girl smiled at him as his breath drew in sharply.

"Down!" shouted Allston. "Flat! It's coming. Shut your eyes and hang to my neck."

Isabel did. In the roar of the elements she clung blindly to him, conscious only of a deafening noise and a sense of collapse.

The hush following was broken by Allston's laugh.

"Thought so," he uttered. "Look! Our shed is a heap of sticks. Miss Lynn. That miniature cyclone hit it just right. Well, well, if I hadn't happened to think so much of my clothes!"

"Don't!" said the girl. "Don't, please!"

The man solemnly consulted his watch. "If we hurry," he observed, "I can get you home and catch my train."

Isabel caught his sleeve. "No," she whispered softly. "I'd rather you would miss it."

Allston's Aunt Julia was speaking of his engagement a month after a bedraggled couple surprised the occupants of a certain farmhouse.

"I don't understand how Foster managed it so quickly," she said. "I find my letter of introduction was not used. He must have made an excellent impression the minute he met Isabel."

TO CONTROL PINE FORESTS

Big Lumber People Said To Be Forming a Trust.

Duluth, Minn., Dec. 12.—The lumber interests represented by the Weyerhaeusers, O'Brien & Cook of St. Paul and Duluth and Edward Hines of Chicago, it is alleged, are here working on the formation of a lumber trust which will control practically all the pine in North America.

The transfer of the Duluth, Virginia & Rainy Lake railroad is said to be the only sticking point.

SCHREIBER FOUND GUILTY

Convicted in Detroit of Murder of Frank Massapust.

Duluth, Minn., Dec. 12.—William Schreiber was found guilty of murder in the first degree. He killed Frank Massapust, a settler, near Ashawa, last February. Schreiber tried to cash a certificate of deposit belonging to Massapust, which led to his arrest.

The house in which the murder was committed was burned on the night of the tragedy and the body was almost consumed.

HANSBROUGH IN HOSPITAL

No Improvement in Condition of North Dakota Senator.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 12.—Senator Hansbrough, who became ill some days ago, while on his way to Washington, and has been confined to his room at the Nicollet hotel, was worse today.

He was taken to Asbury hospital.

Offers Reward for Capture of Wife.

Unlontown, Pa., Dec. 12.—W. A. Stone, a millionaire coal operator, has offered a reward of \$2,000 for the capture of his wife or Emery Martin, a leading merchant of that place.

Physician Cannot Be Dentist.

St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 12.—The Minnesota state supreme court has affirmed a decision of the district court, holding it unlawful for a practicing physician to practice dentistry.

He Got the Prize.

At a church function each person was required to wear conspicuously upon his or her clothing some pictorial or other device that should represent in "rebus" form the title of any well known book, and all the others were to guess at the book intended.

"Paradise Lost," represented by a card upon which five dice had been panted, and from which two had evidently dropped or been removed, was easily guessed. "Hard Times" was no puzzle. Neither was it hard to recognize "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "Innocents Abroad," "Vanity Fair" nor "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in spite of the pictorial disguises.

One of the guests, however, had a poser. Attached to one of the buttons of his coat was a card bearing simply the inscription, "Ter."

Every one at last gave it up and asked for the solution.

"Why, that's easy," he said. "It means 'A Tale of Two Cities,' Manchester and Leicester. Last syllables—tail, in fact—of both. See?"

"That's not fair!" said the others. "It's the last syllable of Chester, Lancaster, Gloucester, Chichester and Exeter. We protest!"

"Well," he said, "I won't insist. Try this one."

He turned the card over. It was inscribed on the other side with these three letters, "Ans."

After a severe mental struggle everybody gave this up also.

"That ought not to puzzle you," he said. "It's 'The Last of the Mohicans.'"

He got the prize.

Knew the Kind.

"It used to be, when a lady insisted on keeping her husband awake nights to tell him how much better her family was than his family and some other chastening truths, that the policeman took her off, and she was either fined or ducked as a common scold."

"And, pray, what did they do with the uncommon ones? Surely in those days, as in ours, some displayed more talent than others."

"They probably knew better than to monkey with the uncommon ones. Man is a bright creature who learns by experience."

What Is the First Law of Nature?

"Self preservation is the first law of nature," answers Johnny Jones.

Correct, Johnny. Go right up to the head of the class.

This law applies to a community as well as to an individual. Under the severe operation of this law a town that does not take care of itself, that does not look after its own interests first, that does not look out for Number One, soon falls into a bad way.

That's just as sure as shootin'. It's the law.

We must obey the law or take the consequences. If we in this town and community do not work together for our own good, the mutual good of all of us, in all lines of business, we have only ourselves to blame if the place slides down the inclined plane instead of climbing the golden ladder of prosperity and progress.

For instance, if we do our retail trading with big city stores that have no interest in us except to get our money and keep it, local trade must suffer and shrink, town property values and farm land values must decrease—and there you are!

Johnny Jones, who knows the law, is a wise lad, but how about his papa and mamma?

Do they obey the first law as applied to the old home place? If they don't, Johnny may have to apply the law to himself when he grows up. He may have to go to the city to make a living.

Let's all think it over.



TOWER HER ASYLUM

Insane Woman a Prisoner in a Windmill For a Year.

Dixon, Ill., Dec. 12.—Miss Elizabeth Logg, seventy-five years old, was confined in the state hospital for the insane at Watertown, following a sensational raid by Sheriff A. T. Tourtellott and Deputy Harrison upon her brother's farm near Amboy and the finding of the woman confined in the tower of an old windmill.

At her hearing in the Lee county court here before she was committed, witnesses testified that she had been confined in the windmill for more than a year.

BIG CONTRACTOR BANKRUPT

John P. Agnew Files Petition in United States Court at Chicago.

Chicago, Dec. 12.—John P. Agnew, a well known contractor, who constructed the Lawrence avenue pumping station and intake tunnel for the city of Chicago, filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States district court.

Agnew's liabilities are scheduled at \$130,890 and his assets are given as \$399,579, about \$395,000 of which is in claims against the city now in litigation.

CAN SMOKE IN ZION CITY

Deed Lacks Anti-Tobacco Clause Insisted Upon by Dowle.

Chicago, Dec. 12.—The ban upon smoking in Zion City, pronounced by Dr. Dowle when he founded the religious community, has been constructively lifted.

A deed was filed to property in Zion in which the customary clause insisted upon by the late John Alexander Dowle making the instrument revocable in the event of the rule against smoking is violated, is omitted.

Rockford Police Hunt Robbers.

Rockford, Ill., Dec. 12.—Police are hunting two highwaymen who, in view of fifty or more employees of the Nelson Knitting company, attacked Albert Lawson, paymaster of the company, felled him and stole pay envelopes containing about \$700.

LOTTIE'S BARGAIN.

By EDNA BLEEKMAN.

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Perhaps it was because Wisner was the proprietor of the only dry goods store in Undervale that Lottie Vincent was attracted to him, perhaps because Lottie was an inveterate bargain hunter, and propinquity is a powerful aid of Cupid.

It is a matter open to argument and not worth the arguing. The main point at issue is the fact that Lottie was attracted and that Sidney Wisner repaid that regard with interest.

Undervale had reached that stage of growth when the "general store" had commenced to resolve itself into its various component parts, not to be reunited until at some far distant day, when the department store repeated the original shopkeeping on a larger scale and again one could purchase dress goods and salt fish, groceries and harness under one roof.

It was Wisner who had seen that the time was ripe, and the Boston store was the result. He rented one of the rooms in the new Benson block and with new stock and fixtures gave the place the aspect of a city establishment. Undervale was delighted with the change, none more so than Lottie.

She was a born bargain fiend, and as her parents were wealthy she had the money to gratify her passion, with the result that from the first she had been Wisner's best customer.

Even after the business reached a point where he was able to put on two clerks he made it a point to wait upon her himself.

Lottie delighted in her personally conducted shopping tours, and from visiting in the store Wisner passed to visits to her home.

Wisner also began to watch his bank account grow. From the first his store had prospered, and he determined that when his profit and loss account showed a fair balance on the proper side he would put his fate to the test.

Former Vincent was president of the bank and trust company, and Wisner wanted to be able to make a good showing when he went to ask for Lottie's hand, though he could not hope to equal the Vincent fortune.

He had not long to wait, for the new store prospered mightily, and the time soon came when Wisner began to rehearse the speech he should make to Lottie's father when he should first have spoken to Lottie.

It was a simple matter to prepare his speech for the elder Vincent. He said it over until he believed that he must repeat it in his sleep. The trouble now was to speak to Lottie.

He knew that Lottie would not be won by the simple suggestion that they get married. When the Clemmons Comedy company played their semiannual engagement at the rink Wisner shut up shop and took Lottie to the performance every evening for the week. Lottie's keen appreciation of the romantic leading man dashed his hopes.

He never could hope to make love like Ralph Rascovar of the Clemmons company, and that was the model Lottie most admired. He had a vague idea of taking a course in a dramatic school, but he could not spare the time from his business, so he contented himself with studying the methods of the leading men of the tenth rate companies that visited Undervale, and the more he studied the more hopeless he grew.

Leading men were tall and slender and had dark, romantic eyes. Wisner was short and inclined to plumpness, and his eyes were shrewd and gray. He could not loiter over the back of a sofa and look into Lottie's eyes as she raised her timid orbs to his.

That was all right on the stage, but Lottie's gaze was disconcertingly frank at times, and, anyhow, he would have to stand on a footstool to gain the proper height, and he was positive that at the critical moment he would fall off and spoil it all.

Lottie herself was just a shade too rounded in her curves to be called willowy, and she, too, was below the medium height.

Taken by the large, it seemed an impossible task, and the advent of each theatrical company seemed to set a higher standard by which his feeble efforts were to be judged.

Hubert Bonnington was the last straw. Lottie came away from the performance of "Won by a Vendetta" declaring that after having seen Bonnington all other loyemaking would seem tame and flat by comparison.

Wisner went home to spend a sleepless night with despair for company, and not until the dawn broke did there come a ray of hope. The company was playing not forty miles away on Saturday.

He might get Bonnington to let him come over and take some lessons. He went to the store to see that it was opened, and then he hurried to the station to catch the company when they should come over from the hotel.

Bonnington was one of the first to arrive on the station platform, and Wisner made an immediate attack. Around the corner of the depot he poured out the story of his troubles, and, to his credit, Bonnington did not laugh.

"My dear boy," he said kindly, "if you're the right man and she's the right girl you don't need to study loyemaking. It's never that way in real life. You watch a chance and take her off her guard. Then do and say whatever comes into your mind, and she's yours."

"You could study for years, and you'd forget everything that you had learned when it came to a showdown. They wouldn't stand for real proposals on the stage, and the reason we make love so well is that we don't care for the girl. That's how we can give all our attention to the loyemaking."

"When the right time comes you'll know it, and you won't get down on your knees and say 'Be mine, be mine!' You'll just gather her in, and it's all over before you realize it."

Bonnington accepted the cigars that Wisner thrust upon him, and Wisner went back to the store happy in the possession of expert opinion. He puzzled over the comment through the day, and when Lottie came in to see about some dress lining he gazed hungrily at the flushed face and wondered when the right time would come.

Apparently it was not the right time yet, for Lottie left the store with a bundle under her arm, and his nearest approach to sentiment had been to cut the price of the lining 2 cents a yard.

He thought of a dozen clever speeches he might have made, but not until she had gone.

He was still thinking them over as he dressed the window that evening. Wisner made a point of frequent changes in the display, and every Friday evening he fastened a canvas screen outside the plate glass, and changed the dressing, running out many times to observe the effect before he pulled down the inner curtains and took down the screen, content that the Saturday shoppers would be attracted by his display.

He had just commenced to dress the window after removing the old stock when one corner of the screen was lifted and Lottie's smiling face was seen through the glass.

Wisner smiled and nodded in reply to her greeting, and he was about to beckon her to wait until he could join her on the sidewalk when his hand struck the stool on which rested the new price tags. He caught up the top one and plinned it on his coat, striking an attitude in imitation of the dummy forms.

Lottie laughed at the sign, which read, "A Real Bargain at the Price," and the end of the screen dropped. For one awful moment Wisner thought that she had been disgusted by the clownish appeal.

He could not know that even eyes that are gray and unromantic can tell their story of love. Lottie had read their plea, and a moment later Wisner heard the store door open and close again, and a moment later Lottie's face appeared at the door to the window.

"I think I'll take that bargain, Sidney," she said as her cheeks were dyed a deeper red. "You can wrap it up, and I'll take it home with me—to talk to father."

The bargain sprang from the window, but it was half an hour before it wrapped itself up—in its overcoat—and was taken home to talk to Homer Vincent.

"I thought you couldn't resist a bargain," he jubilated as they hurried along the street.

Lottie gave the strong arm a little hug. "You'd be dear at any price," she cooed.

WOMEN IN JAILBREAK

Two Prisoners Climb Water Pipe and Gain Their Freedom.

Chicago, Dec. 12.—Two young women prisoners in the bridewell made a daring break for liberty from the institution by scaling the walls in sight of the guards and feeling before a crowd of pursuers.

Although all the guards available at the bridewell were called into the pursuit and police from several west side stations were summoned, the two girls made good their escape and no trace of them has been found.

The prisoners who fled are Elizabeth Tobey, sentenced for burglary, and Lottie Wisnadowski, sentenced for disorderly conduct.

According to the police the women, with 140 other prisoners, were being led to the dining room when they ran through an open door. In the darkness they stole silently to the wall, climbed a water pipe and dropped to freedom.

Everybody Satisfied.

Briggs—I'm nothing if not original. I like to be different from other people.

Naggs—Well, that's all right. Doubtless other people are satisfied to have it so.—Chicago News.

The Globe

DEPARTMENT STORE

WAUKEGAN ILLINOIS

Waists---A Practical Present



Silk Petticoats

As sensible a Christmas gift as you could present, made of a beautiful quality taffeta silk, cut extremely full. A deep shirred and stitched flounce, values that cannot be matched for less than \$5.00. Special offer, **3.98** at

SILK WAISTS \$4.98. They are stylishly made of mes-saline and taffeta silk, trimmed very attractively with French val lace, medallions and fine tucks, evening shades and street colors, also black. Splendid \$7.50 values, at only **4.98**

WAISTS AT \$1.98. Beautifully made of nuns veiling, fronts trimmed with fine tucks and Val lace, white and colors, values that cannot be duplicated at the price..... **1.98**

Sweater Coats

Buy a woman a sweater coat, and she will surely appreciate it as a gift. These are made of extra fine yarn, colors red and gray, are extra length, special Christmas bargain we offer them at only..... **1.98**



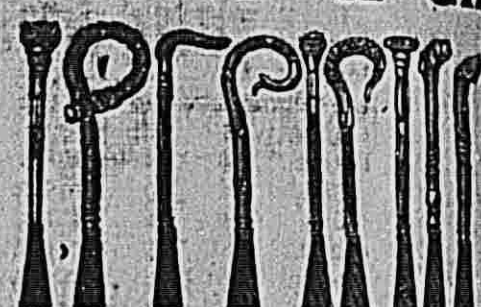
Waukegan

Filled to overflowing w

Christmas, the happiest occasion of you intend to make glad with a su-mas buying are extensiveness of va-presents, things to please each membe-selecting an appropriate gift will be-mense variety to choose from, the price

STREET CAR FARE REFUNDED TO OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS ON PURCHASES OF \$5.00 OR MORE.

Umbrellas---A Gift



For a man or woman an umbrella makes a most practical kind, and not necessarily either. We have a very attractive selection, handles are gold, silver, pearl and oxidized, the natural crooked. All have steel frames, are silk cover and the less in price have a viceable cover. The prices range from \$2.50 to \$10.00.

DRESSING SACQUES made of a splendid quality flannelette in attractive Persian and other patterns. Strong special at..... **29c**

Xmas Sale of \$12.50 Winter Coats at \$7.98



One of these coats would make a splendid gift, or buy one for yourself. They're a bargain that is not equalled every day, the material from which they are made is broadcloth, and a fine quality too, are trimmed with satin, semi-fitting, Empire effect, 52 inches long, lined throughout with a good quality of satin, come in red, blue, and black. Now is your chance **7.98**

Another Splendid Coat Offer

We are offering women's coats at \$12.95 that heretofore have never been shown for less than \$18.00. Made of fine broadcloth, black and colors, semi-fitting, some Empire effect, collar or collarless, trimmed with satin, buttons and silk embroidery, and satin lined. Special: **12.95**

Petticoats---A Gift

PETTICOAT BARGAIN—You'll have to admit that you have never seen as good a petticoat for so little money. They are made of hygrade cloth, cut full, shirred flounce, black and colors, special at..... **59c**



Toyland is filled with Hundreds of To



DOLLS 18 inches high, kid body, bisque head, curly hair, moving eyes, full jointed. Priced at..... **1.25**

DRESSED DOLLS

16 inches high, neatly trimmed dress and hat, long curly hair, moving eyes, jointed, bisque head, priced at..... **98c**

DOLL SHOES

patent leather, all 50 colored cloth, 5c and 10c.

DOLL HEADS

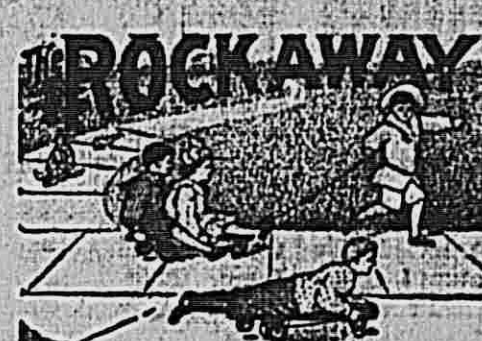
large size, made of celluloid, special at..... **50c**

DOLL CAB

steel frame, upholstered in English leather, hood attached, a very attractive constructed cab, priced at..... **3.98**

STEAM ENGINES

with smoke stack red painted base, priced at..... **75c**



Snowless Coaster

SLEDS. All steel frame, neatly decorated and painted, 36 inches long, 12 inches wide. Price..... **75c**

KITCHEN SET

made of unbreakable granite, consists of 16 pieces. Price..... **98c**

SHOOFLE

34 inches long, 12 inches wide good rockers, nicely decorated. Price..... **50c**

TOY TRUNKS

7 x 19 inches, strongly constructed, neatly finished. A good gift for the child. Price..... **69c**

TEA SET

nicely decorated, 6 cups and saucers, 6 plates, a tea pot, creamer and sugar. Price..... **50c**

COASTERS

The Rockaway coasters for all the year round coasting, staunchly constructed, and affords the children a host of fun. Price..... **3.50**

HORSES

made of good quality plush, 13 inches high, mounted on platform. Price..... **95c**



HAND CAR

the boys, constructed, each has three tires, neatly finished.

Beautiful Furs---the Ideal Christmas Gift

Furs are sure to make any woman a satisfactory present, there is nothing from which she can realize more direct benefit and comfort. A special \$15,000 purchase of the choicest furs from the Eastern market in addition to our regular stock, makes our showing the most extensive in Waukegan, included are scarfs and sets made up of every desirable kind of fur. Prices from 98c up to \$75.00.

Christmas Sale of Shoes and Slippers



You can rest assured that a pair of shoes or slippers will be gratefully received for a Xmas gift. Our showing of these useful presents is a large one, prices being right.

WOMEN'S SHOES

Made of gun metal and vici kid with patent tip, in the very newest fash, button and lace, extension soles, special price at..... **1.95**

GIRLS SHOES

The leathers consist of gun metal and glazed kid, lace and button, blucher cut, rock oak soles, sizes 8 1/2 to 2, special price at..... **1.50**

MEN'S SHOES

The American Gentleman and University make, leathers are patent, vici kid, gun metal, box calf, special values at..... **3.50**

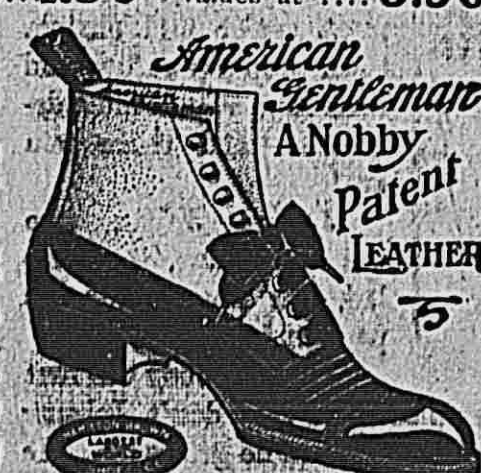
Sole Agents in Waukegan for the Red Cross Shoe for Women.

WOMEN'S SLIPPERS and Julets, made of leather and felt, black and colors, some trimmed with fur and have elastic sides, all sizes..... **98c**

CHILDRENS SLIPPERS, made of good warm felt, come in all colors, an article that will make a splendid gift, sizes 8 to 2, special price..... **50c**

MEN'S SLIPPERS for house use made of good black and tan leathers, soft and pliable, several different styles, sizes 6 to 11, price..... **98c**

BOYS SHOES and Young Mens patent colt, gun metal and tan leather, button and lace, blucher cut, heavy leather soles, \$3.50 values. Special price, **2.50** at



Leather Goods for Xmas Gifts

Women's Hand Bags. Pretty hard to think of a more usable gift for a lady. You'll find our stock extremely large and complete, it embraces all the newest shapes in the most desirable leathers; also the silver chain bags, prices range from 50c to \$5.00.

PURSES

Made of black seal and alligator leathers, a selection that is extremely attractive and reasonable priced, 50c to \$2.00.

BILL BOOKS

and card cases for men, made of the most select qualities of leather, 50c to \$1.50.

CIGAR CASES

For pocket use, made of alligator and seal leathers, \$1.00 to \$2.00.

GENTS TRAVELING SET

Consisting of a leather collar, handkerchief, and tie box. A special gift, priced at..... **4.98**

Why Not Give a Pair of Gloves

A pair of gloves are sure to bring forth an expression of gratitude from any lady. Our selection is complete and comprises kid, mocha, cape, gauntlet, golf and lined cashmere.

LONG KID GLOVES

All colors, black and white, 16 button lengths, price per pair..... **\$3**

SILK EMBROIDERED GLOVES

16 button length, evening shades, special at pair..... **2.50**

Beautiful Line of Xmas Neckwear

Don't you think that a nice neck piece would please the lady? Come and see our new selection of stock collars, put up in attractive Xmas boxes and priced at 25c and 50c.

NECK RUFFS

Made of chiffon and silk ribbon colors, also white and black, 98c to \$1.69.

BOXED ROUCHING

White and colors, per box, 25c and 50c.

Wouldn't She Like a Muffler

We have a splendid line of crepe de chene mufflers, plain and fancy colors, 1 1/2 to 3 yards long, at 98c to \$2.00.

WAY MUFFLERS—Knitted of the finest yarn, in a Xmas box, at..... **50c**

100-Piece Dinner



Fine quality borders with a more select design.

WINE SET

DINNER SET, tinted with at.....

TABLE SP

fancy design per dozen

JARDINEE

designs, glass

LAMP

oil and portable gas and electrically decorated, prices ranging from 10c

CRUMBS TRAY

and BRUSH, heavy

CAKE PLATES

Hand painted French trimmed with old gold, special at.....

A MOUNTAIN CHRISTMAS

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

5 NOW had been falling in the mountains many days before Christmas. Down in the sunbought valley mother and little Nina gazed up at the shining peaks and were homesick. They would gladly have forgotten snow, but father was in a mountain cabin all alone.

"Will he hang his stockings by the stone fireplace?" asked Nina, "and don't you s'pose he'll be vited somewhere to dinner?"

"I wish we had stayed with him," said mother, "if he can live through the winter in the mountains, so could we."

"But he told us 'no,' don't you remember? He said he brought us to southern California on purpose so we could live always in a summer land."

Mother sighed. The little family had been west only a few weeks when father was offered a position as book-keeper for a lumber company away up in the Sierras. Living in the mountains had been delightful through the summer, but at the first hint of cold weather the tent home was packed, father bought a cabin and sent mother and the little daughter to the valley.

Father was an artist and he declared that he should like nothing better than to paint pictures of snowy peaks with no one to interrupt him and nothing else to do but to guard the company's property.

"It is a wonderful chance," he had insisted.

Mother and Nina had tried to believe he was right; but the little bungalow which they rented already furnished, seemed but a poor excuse for a house.

"I wish I could see him hang up his stocking," continued Nina, "Oh, I wish I could put this penwiper I'm making in the very toe of it!"

Mother made no reply. She wished so much that she, too, might help fill that lonely stocking in the mountain cabin.

"Oh, mother, mother!" exclaimed Nina, dropping her spool and scissors and springing to her feet. "I have a beautiful idea! You always have to keep your Christmas presents, don't you? You never can send them back, can you?"

"Surely not," was the answer.

"But, mother, s'pose you wish your Christmas present hadn't come. Would it be very polite to tell the ones that gave it to you that you were getting along nicely without their Christmas present and that you really didn't want it?"

"Why, of course not, Nina. We must think of the loving thought behind the gift, even if Uncle John should send no skates this very winter!"

Two arms flew swiftly around mother's neck.

"Oh, I have such a beautiful idea," repeated Nina. "We'll ride on the stage with the Christmas box and give ourselves to father for a Christmas present. He wouldn't return his Christmas present, now, would he?"

"Would you be contented, Nina, to live up there all winter?" asked mother. "You must remember that we will be four miles from Fredalba. You will have no little girls to play with, no school, no Sunday school, no—"

"But, mother, can't we have a school with you for the teacher, and a Sunday school? Can't I have a whole row of snow men to play with? And, mother! we'll have a real Christmas!"

Thus it happened that two passengers went up the trail on the last stage of the old year.

"Anybody going to meet you in Fredalba?" asked the stage driver. "The weather is pretty severe up here a few thousand feet higher. Had lots of rain in the valley and that means snow storms in the mountains."

"No one will meet us," said mother, "but we know the trail from Fredalba and our burros are there, although we didn't expect to see them again until next summer."

"You can telephone from Fredalba," suggested the stage driver. "They tell me your husband has a telephone out at camp."

"But we're Christmas presents," explained Nina; "so we must surprise him. Don't you know that to-night will be Christmas eve?"

"If the wind doesn't come up, you'll be all right," the man replied, but unless I'm mistaken, there's a heavy snow falling in the mountains this minute."

At Fredalba every one advised mother and Nina not to attempt the trail until morning. This time it was mother who would push on. "We know the trail so well," said she, "and the burros know it better. In two hours we can reach camp."

his folks are coming and to go out to meet them," he explained to the men standing near. "Otherwise the poor fellow may have a surprise he won't like on Christmas day."

To the stage driver's dismay there was no answer to his call. Father's cabin in the Sierras was evidently deserted.

"See here," said he to a friend, "you call Brown up in half an hour and tell him that his wife and daughter are on the trail."

"The wires are down," declared a big man who came in at that moment from outside. "No use trying to telephone."

With fear for the safety of his passengers, the stage driver drove down the trail to the valley.

In the meantime the two plodded along on the sure footed burros, calling morrily to each other as they passed the well-known landmarks.

On and on, up and up they toiled, the snow falling faster and faster, the wind more furious every minute. One mile, two miles. By that time the snow blinded them and but for the faithful burros they could not have kept the trail. It grew colder and colder, and the short afternoon was ended. That meant sudden darkness among those solemn, snow-clad peaks. It meant too, that mother and Nina



But for the Faithful Burros They Could Not Have Kept the Trail.

were thoroughly frightened. They couldn't talk except to urge the burros on. The wind took their breath.

"We won't be Christmas presents, I'm afraid," sobbed Nina, through chattering teeth.

"Say your prayers," suggested mother, "it is all we can do now."

They had long since dropped the reins and trusted the burros to choose their own way. Mother recalled story after story of men who had perished on those mountain trails and she blamed herself for ever attempting such a journey. Suddenly a welcome sight appeared before the struggling travelers.

"The lights of Mr. Dean's cabin!" exclaimed Nina. "Oh, mother! We have reached Mr. Dean's ranch and we're still alive! To-morrow we'll see father!"

A funny thing then happened. Both burros began to bray. Mother and Nina laughed and cried at the sound. Instantly the signal was answered. Robert Dean flung open the cabin door and in a flood of light beheld his visitors.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. "Who told you that we're having a Christmas dinner here this evening, turkey and all? Why, Miss Nina, your father is or was at the table!"

The next thing Nina knew she was in her father's arms and mother was removing her wraps.

"Are we frozen or anything, mother?" asked the child.

"No, we're all right and so are the burros," was the reply.

"Oh, how glad everybody is!" the little girl exclaimed. "And I'm hungry—and—father, where're your Christmas presents!"

Father, for some reason couldn't say "thank you," but didn't speak of returning the precious gifts and it is doubtful if anywhere in the valley below there was such happiness as filled the mountain cabin that Christmas eve.

Why She Stood There. "Don't you think," suggested a young man to his partner at a dance, "that we should move farther up the room out of the draught?"

"Oh, well, if you like!" replied the girl, snappishly.

It was only when they moved away that the youth noticed that they had been beneath a large bunch of mistletoe.

A Useless Present. Aunt—Yes, Johnny, Santa Claus brought you a baby brother. Johnny—Great Scot! Another present that ain't any use!

Holiday Musings

The joyous time is drawing nigh, the time of turkey, pudding, pie; nor do we dream of after-ills, of squalls, and pills, and Christmas bills.

A girl begins to hang up the mistletoe at about the age when she stops hanging up her stocking.

A pessimist is a fellow who wouldn't hang up his stocking for fear old Santa Claus might swipe it.

Christmas cigars are not always puffed up with pride.

There's many a slip 'twixt the Miss and the mistletoe.

Don't make it too strong. Many a man has been knocked out by one good, stiff punch.

Ask a truthful woman what she enjoys most about Christmas, and she will tell you the bargain sales afterward.

To sing a rhyme of Christmas time (that line is but the first of it), here's hoping you may not feel blue because you get the worst of it.

When a child writes a letter of thanks to Santa Claus, it should be cherished like a rare plant. That kid isn't long for this world.

No Christmas present is so useless that you can't pass it on to some one else next year.

Remember that it is better to give than to receive—the things you don't want.

Take off the tags. Many a friendship has been severed by the price mark on a Christmas present.

I have often wondered wherein consisted the wisdom of Solomon when he had a thousand wives. I am now convinced that it must have been in living in the days before Christmas was celebrated.

It's all right to pity the poor at this peace-on-earth season, but it is also well to remember that sympathy doesn't fill an empty stomach.

RULES FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

Give willingly. Give tactfully. Put thought into your giving. Don't consider return gifts. Never give to others what you wouldn't want yourself.

The unexpected gift insures a special appreciation.

To give ostentatiously is the height of bad taste.

Give to the sick and the sorrowful if you would know the true joy of giving.

Never give more than you can afford. Your friends know your circumstances as well as you do yourself and the pleasure of both giving and receiving is lost.

A Question in Finance.

"Are you good at arithmetic, my dear?" asked Mr. Perkable of his wife. "I was accounted the very best arithmetician at school," replied Mrs. Perkable, with a touch of pride in her voice.

"I have a problem for you."

"State it."

"How can I buy \$50 worth of Christmas presents with \$10 in cash and no credit?"

MR. STAYBOLT AS SANTA CLAUS

Some Things He Would Like to Give If He Could.

"Do you know the Christmas present I'd like to make if I could?" said Mr. Staybolt. "I'd like to give cheerfulness to the downhearted, courage to the timid, and strength to the weak; the power of self-denial to those who yield too easily, and a desire to work to the lazy."

"I have often thought what a pity it is that you can't buy all these things, these helpful qualities, already put up and at such a price as to put them within the reach of all; canned cheerfulness, bottled hopefulness, courage in tablets, and strength, say, in the form of a powder, and so on; or you might, I suppose, put 'em all up canned, for that matter."

"But in the absence of such market preparations and our consequent inability to buy such things and send them as gifts to those whom they might most benefit perhaps you will permit me to offer to each a word of suggestion."

"To the dispirited take a cheerful view. To the downhearted, don't dwell on the doleful side. To the timid, don't be afraid. To the weak, or those who fancy themselves so, try your strength. You'll be surprised to find how much you've got."

To those who yield too easily, deny yourself once, and again, and feel the joy and strength that will come back to you. To the lazy, get a job with a shovel, in a gang of laborers, under a driving boss; and if you are not glad to get back to your present job to do the best you know how at it, I miss my guess."

"I can't send you these things in cans or bottles; but if anyone of you will take my advice and stick to it, you'll think that Mr. Staybolt was a very kind Santa Claus."

CHRISTMAS PROVERBS

The love-light in the eyes of the precious ones of the household is the most brilliant of Christmas illuminations.

The soft Christmas light is not the least welcome where the shadows of bereavement have fallen during the year. The Christmas angels hover over such dwellings of sorrow in ministrations of divine love.

It was the Christ who said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Again, he said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."



At the Manger. When first, her Christmas watch to keep, Came down the silent Angel, Sleep, With snowy sandals shod, Beholding what his mother's hands Had wrought, with softer swaddling-bands She swathed the Son of God.

Then, skilled in mysteries of Night, With tender visions of delight She wreathed his resting-place, Till, awakened by a warmer glow, The heaven itself had yet to show, He saw his mother's face.

—John B. Tabb, in Atlantic.

The Christmas Spirit

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Christmas is the season of kindness. For Christmas celebrates the coming of Christ into the world, and the heart of the Christ message is love—love expressing itself in homely channels of friendliness and good will, love that "suffereth long and is kind." If we have kindly emotions, let them have their way and blossom into kindly thoughts and kindly deeds. Let the free child spirit of open-hearted friendliness prevail. For this is the child's festival, celebrating the birth of a child, the wonderful Giver who gave Himself for mankind. Let us carry the Christmas spirit through all the following days that come and go with all their measure of care or pain or pleasure, and bear in our hearts the inspiration and hope of the blessed Christmas festival of love, bearing ever ringing above the sounds of earth and sense, the song of the angels heralding in the birth of the Saviour of mankind.



To, now is come our joyfull'st time, Let every man be jolly: Each room with Ivy leaves is dressed, And every post with Holly. Without the door let Sorrow lie, And if for cold he hap to die, We'll bury him in a Christmas Pye, And evermore be merry.

ALL of the evergreen plants have long been considered symbolic of immortality, of rebirth. Hence they, and they alone, are appropriate decorations for the Christmas season, which was originally a celebration, under the disguise of various national religious forms, of the turning of the sun at the winter solstice, and the consequent renewal of life on the earth.

When Constantine was converted, he seized upon every underlying likeness, however remote, between the old faith and the new. Every familiar symbol that might be stretched to fit the strange faith; every old custom that would help to reconcile his lately, and sometimes forcibly, converted people to their unaccustomed belief, was adopted and re-explained. And the return of the sun, bringing life and light to the winter-bound earth, became the prototype of the coming of the Son of Man, bringing life and light to the soul of the sin-bound world. So that at first all the heathen observances were retained as far as possible, and merely given a new meaning.

At the Christmas festival, the ivy and holly still made a summer screen of the stone walls, as in ancient Germany they had turned the huge halls at mid-winter, to bowers of greenery, wherein the sylvan sprites, who dwell in summer among the forest trees, might pass the frozen months without too much discomfort. An echo from Scandinavia is still heard in the saying current among the peasants of the old world that if any bit of holiday decoration is left in the house after Candlemas day (February 2), a troop of little devils will enter and sit, one on each withered leaf, every one bringing its own small curse upon the house. These little devils are merely the old forest sprites, detained against their will by their undestroyed winter refuge and fretting to return to the awakening woods of spring.

The churches were still green with Christmas garlands in those early days, and ablaze with candles, as the temples of Saturn had always been during the corresponding Roman festival of the Saturnalia. But, as Polydore Vergil remarks, "Trimming the temples with hangings, flowers, boughs and garlandes, was taken of the heathen people, which decked their idols and houses in such array." And as time went on, and it became no more necessary to make concessions that would help reconcile the people to their changed faith, these "heathen" customs became distasteful to the church. One of the early councils forbids men longer "to deck up their houses with lawrell, yvie, and greene boughes, as we used to doe at the Christmasse season."

This command was observed in the temples, but in the baronial halls the old customs lived on; lived down their questionable past; won again the toleration of the priests who had sternly banished them, and to-day all the evergreens again are admitted to the strictest church, so that we again can say at Christmas,

"Now with bright Holly all the temples strow With Ivy green, and sacred Mistletoe."

The "Early Calendar of English Flowers," an old poem wherein each month is recognized by its appropriate plant symbol, ends with these lines:

Soon the evergreen Laurell alone is greene, When Catherine crowns all learned menne, The Ivy and Hollie berries are seene, And Yule log and Wassail come round agen.

The laurel is used not at all, and the

Ivy but little, in American decorations at Christmas, since both plants are exceedingly rare here. But in England (the use of the Ivy at least is universal, and the references to it in Christmas song and story alone would fill a small volume.

Besides its claim to appropriateness for the Christmas season which it holds in common with other evergreens, it has two especially strong recommendations of its own. On account of its habit of clinging strongly to its supporting tree or wall, it is a popular symbol of friendship and fidelity, and as such, an excellent decoration for the season of good will and universal brotherhood. And it was, in Roman days, sacred to Bacchus, who, when a baby, was hidden by his aunt, Ino, among its leaves, to save him from Juno's destructive wrath. Prynne says:

At Christmas men do always Ivy get, And in each corner of the house it set; But why do they then use that Bacchus weed? Because they mean then Bacchus-like to feed.

This satirical explanation was but too true in the earlier days, when Christmas lasted for weeks, and was given over to a revelry almost wholly heathen in character.

To-day, in America, the Christmas decorations almost exclusively are of holly, which, for all its popularity, is less consecrated by legend than any other holiday greenery. To be sure we make a sparing use of the mistletoe, which, from the ancient Druidical meaning of purity given to its wax-white berries, and from its use by them in the marriage rite, has come to give a charter for kissing as "broad as the wind." And we have added the bitter-sweet, which has no traditional significance whatever, is not an evergreen, and is to be tolerated merely for its beauty's sake, and for the slight suggestion it gives of the holly berry.

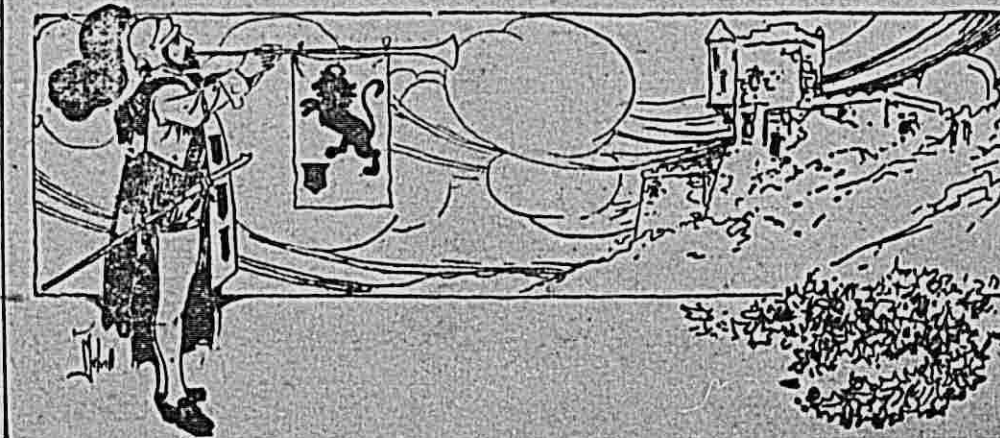
Our American holly is said to be less beautiful than the European plant, having leaves of a duller green. But, making all allowances for possible disadvantages, it still is a remarkably beautiful tree. And as a symbol of the immortality which it is the season's special mission to teach, it surely has no rival. The leaves remain on the branches for three years, losing their hold only when they are pushed off at last by the growing buds of spring.

Throughout England, so little is its supremacy disputed, that it is popularly known as "Christmas," just as the hawthorn is called "The May."

Its name has been a matter of considerable interest. Theophrastus and other Greek authors named the plant Agria; that is, wild, or of the fields. The Romans formed from this the word Agrifolium and called it also Aquifolium, from actum, sharp, and folium, a leaf. Bauhin and Loureiro first named it Ilex, from the resemblance of its leaves to those of the Quercus Ilex, a species of oak which was the true Ilex of Virgil. Linnaeus adopted the name Ilex for the genus, and preserved the name Aquifolium for the most anciently known species.

Our popular name, holly, probably is a corruption of the word holly, as Turner in his herbal calls it holly, and holly tree. The thorny foliage, and the berries like drops of bright blood, could scarcely fail to remind a Christian of the crown of thorns, and this, together with the universal use of the plant in the churches at Christmas easily would account for the name.

In Germany it is known as Christorn. The Danish name is Christorn and the Swedish Christorn. The same name, Christ's thorn, is found in some parts of England. But as no legend connects the holly with the crown of thorns, this name, universal among the Germanic peoples, must be merely the result of its appearance and of its Christmas popularity, as before suggested.





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NOTHING will be more pleasing, no Xmas gift more acceptable than the gift secured at our store in the line of Ladies' Ready-to-wear Apparel. We have, for this Great Xmas Sale, secured a most beautiful stock of accessories to this line; such as Handkerchiefs, Belts, Combs, Gloves, Fancy Garters, Fancy Neckwear, Heatherbloom Underskirts in Xmas boxes, Fancy Waists and many other new and desirable articles of apparel, every one most appropriate for use as a Xmas gift to your friends. This sale will be a most interesting and surprising event as all prices throughout the store will be slaughtered. Astonishing bargains will be given in every line. Come early as the selections are then more choice and assortments complete.

BIG XMAS SALE ON SKIRTS

\$3.00 Skirts, Xmas Sale price.....	1.48
\$5.00 Skirts, big values for Xmas Sale.....	2.98
\$10.00 Skirts, most handsome designs.....	5.98

Great Xmas Sale Children's Coats

Our immense stock of Children's Coats go for this Xmas sale regardless of cost. Crisp, new Bearskin coats in white and all colors, leggings and mittens to match, at sacrifice prices.

\$8.00 Bearskins for Xmas at.....	\$1.49
\$8.00 Cloth Coats, sizes to 14 at.....	1.39
\$5.00 Children's coats, big bargains, at.....	2.98
\$9.00 Children's coats, greatest ever, at.....	5.75

Great Xmas Sale on Shirtwaists

Beautiful new lawn Waists with the new long pointed sleeve and entire tucked front, or waist with entire embroidered front; these waists would be considered a bargain at \$1.50; for Xmas Sale special.....

These are all new, clean, fresh goods.	
All \$2.00 Waists, great bargains, for Xmas Sale, special.....	98c
Beautiful new Net Waists, big bargains.....	\$1.49
New \$5.00 Taffeta Waists in black, white or colors, great inducements for Xmas Sale at.....	\$2.98

Big Christmas Sale on Furs

Realizing what splendid Christmas gifts Furs are, we have put forth special efforts to bring to our store the largest and finest fur stock that has ever been seen in Waukegan. Prices will be cut in half for this Christmas sale, and every piece, whether it be a 75c scarf or a \$100 set, will be positively guaranteed.

\$2.00 Scarfs, for Xmas sale.....	75c
\$3.00 Scarfs or muffs, special.....	\$1.48
\$5.00 Opposum, Squirrel, Fox and other scarfs.....	\$2.75
\$6.00 Fur sets, a bargain at.....	\$2.98
\$10 Sets, Xmas sale price.....	\$5.75
Absolute \$20 sets, great values for Christmas sale.....	\$11.98
Beautiful Mink sets, regular price \$50, for Christmas sale.....	\$32.50

We were not in business at this time last year. All our Furs were purchased this season.

Big Xmas Sale on Coats

We guarantee that any garment here listed cannot be duplicated for our price, no matter where you may go. Why? Because every one is new and clean. They have been selected with the utmost care, and you cannot buy such garments anywhere at our Xmas Sale prices.

400 Ladies' and Misses' Coats, ranging in price from \$8 to \$10, will be marked down to the Xmas bargain sale price.....	\$3.98
\$12, \$13.50 and \$15 Coats, Ladies' and Misses' sizes, big reductions for Xmas Sale.....	\$6.98
\$16.50 and \$18 Coats, surpassing values, for Xmas Sale at.....	\$10.00
Handsome fur-lined Coats, lining guaranteed, worth \$35, Christmas Sale price.....	\$19.50

PRICES SLAUGHTERED UNHEARD-OF VALUES

Big Xmas Sale on Suits

During our recent Clearance Sale, our stock of Ladies' Suits was almost entirely disposed of and we were compelled to purchase large quantities of new garments. For this Great Christmas Sale great bargains in these new Suits will be offered to our patrons. This is your golden opportunity.

An absolute \$10 Suit, for Christmas Sale, special.....	\$3.98
An absolute \$15 Suit, big bargains for Christmas sale.....	\$6.75
An absolute \$20 Suit, price slaughtered for Christmas Sale.....	\$10.98
An absolute \$30 Suit, wonderful Christmas Sale values.....	\$16.50

NEW, CLEAN, FRESH GOODS SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Tremendous Xmas Sale ON Evening Dresses

This is your opportunity to buy a beautiful party dress at almost half the regular price.

Dainty, stylish Nuns Veiling, Jumper Dresses, regular price \$10, special Xmas sale.....	\$5.98
Handsome \$12 and \$15 Nuns Veiling and Taffeta dresses, in all colors, also black, great special bargain for this sale.....	\$7.98
All \$18 and \$20 dresses, snappy, stylish, original designs, special.....	\$10.75
\$25 and \$35 Dresses, wonderful bargains, for Xmas sale.....	\$18.50

Our Famous Julia Marlowe Shoes are very desirable for Xmas Gifts.

Extra Xmas Specials Suitable For Gifts

50c Handkerchiefs for.....	2c	Ladies' and children's 15c Hose, special.....	8c
10c Handkerchiefs for.....	6c	Ladies' and children's 25c Hose, for Xmas.....	19c
15c Handkerchiefs for.....	10c	\$3.00 Ladies' Sweaters special.....	\$1.98
25c Handkerchiefs for.....	19c	50c Flannelette Dressing Sacques.....	24c
50c Handkerchiefs for.....	25c	Ladies' full length \$10 Cravattes.....	\$3.98
Beautiful selection of Ladies' neckwear, all 50c values, for Xmas.....	25c	\$20 Silk Moray Coats, strictly waterproof.....	\$9.98
Xmas Belts, a beautiful selection at 50c and.....	25c	\$1.00 Underskirts, special for Xmas sale.....	39c
Handsome Corset Covers, all 50c quality, at.....	25c	\$2.00 Black Underskirts, shadow stripe, embroidered flounce.....	98c
Handsome Corset Covers, all \$1.00 garments, at.....	49c	\$5.00 Silk Underskirts, a bargain.....	\$2.48
Best guaranteed gloves, packed in Xmas box, special.....	\$1.00	Ladies' full length Kimonos, worth \$1.50, special.....	59c
Ladies' Fancy Garters, packed in Xmas box.....	25c	Ladies' fleeced ribbed underwear, good quality, special.....	14c
Ladies' 75c Garters, packed in Xmas box.....	50c	Ladies' heavy tennis flannel undershirts with scalloped border.....	19c
\$1.00 Handbags for Xmas sale at.....	50c	Children's flannel undershirts with muslin waist attached, special.....	11c
\$1.50 Handbag, special for Xmas.....	98c	All 50c Neck Ruchings, per yard.....	25c
Ladies' Mufflers, made up in all silk, special for Xmas sale.....	49c	50c Baby Bonnets.....	25c
Children's Leggings, very handsome Xmas gifts.....	98c	\$1.00 Baby Bonnets.....	50c
Children's Bearskin Mittens, with buckskin face, 75c value.....	48c	\$1.50 Baby Bonnets at.....	95c

A FAR CRY

The Story of a Happy Christmas

By MAGLYN DUPREC

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It had not been easy for John Wellington, Sr., to select his Christmas gifts this year, although his old wife and one or two servants were all for whom he had to provide. It was Christmas eve, and he had been through bookstores, where handsomely bound volumes of story writers, philosophers and poets were displayed on every counter; through brilliantly lighted jewelry stores, where precious stones gleamed softly against backgrounds of rich velvet; through the perfumed shop of the florist, where delicate blossoms from famous greenhouses breathed forth a fragrance that gave the lie to the bitter wind and swirling snow outside. With each he had left a generous check, but always with an unsatisfied feeling that he was paying for something he did not care to have. Finally, he had been lured into a shop whose windows displayed an attractive lot of toys for small boys, and he had selected from its almost endless store of guns, wagons, wonderful animals and ear-splitting "wind instruments," a red tin horn, costing him only 25 cents.

This had given him more satisfaction than any purchase he had made for many times that amount.

The other parcels he had ordered delivered, but this he had carried himself, as though it were something too precious to be trusted to other hands. It was this that he unwrapped before



"I Bought It for a Memory, Mother."

the big, old-fashioned fireplace where his wife sat, as soon as he had come in from the storm-swept street. As he held it up where the red gleam of the firelight was caught on its rounded surface, a look of surprise swept over the gentle old face near him.

"Why, John, you never bought that! Surely they handed you someone else's purchase."

"No," he said, his face growing suddenly tender. "I bought it."

His wife, with a woman's quick instinct, divined the reason. She stepped nearer to him and laying her hand on his arm, looked at him with pleading eyes, saying: "But why, father?"

It was the first time she had called him father for a decade past, and there was a pitiful break in the old man's voice as he replied: "I bought it for a memory, mother."

That was the first time in ten years he had called her mother, and at the sound of the name, she, too, gave way—gave way, womanlike, leaning her head on his arm, and sobbing out a grief that had silently stolen the roses from her cheeks and the light from her eyes as the years had gone by. The old man's arm went round her lover-fashion, while his hand gently stroked her soft white hair. "There, there, mother, dear. The boy's not dead. I'll find him for you, if I have to hunt the world over. I was to blame," he said, with such infinite regret in his voice that the old wife reached up and drew his head down to her face and whispered: "Don't take it so, father. I know you thought you were doing the best for the boy when you sent him away to do or die on his own account, and somehow I feel to-night, as I have never felt before, that he may be found."

As she spoke, something in her tones made him feel that at last his wife had forgiven him entirely for the decision which, ten years before, had robbed her of her only child. Always before this he felt through all her gentle and kindly care for him, that tucked away somewhere in the silent recesses of her being there was just a little bitterness against him for the childless state he had brought upon her. But now that he, himself, had come to regret it, he knew beyond a doubt that the last drop of that bitterness had been swallowed up in a grief grown sweet from being shared.

He sat down in his great arm chair and looked up with misty eyes at his

wife. "You're right, mother. I did think it best. I would rather have seen him dead than worthless, and I knew if he had worth, he would conquer himself, and rise without my aid, more of a man than with it." She put her arm around his neck and patted his cheek. "He has risen somewhere, father. I know it. He could not be your son and fail," she said, the loyalty and love of a lifetime lighting her face with a soft radiance.

He took up the tin horn from the table where he had laid it, and fondled it as if it were fraught with memories. Instead of merely recalling them.

"It's ten years since he left," he said, "what a man he must be now—31 to-night. But I was thinking, when I bought this, of the time when he was such a little yellow-haired toddler, and almost drove us wild with just such a horn as this at Christmas time."

She took the horn from him, and looking dreamily at it, said: "We'll keep this, father; maybe Jack's boy will some time make these old walls ring with it at Christmas time as he made them ring, himself, so many years ago."

"God grant that he may!" said the old man. "Do you remember, mother how he used to come chasing down the street after me when I would start off to my work in the morning?"

"Yes, and how you would pick him up and carry him back to me," she said. "And do you remember the time we came near losing him, the day he ran away to hunt you in the city?"

"Who that saw you then could forget it, mother?" and he took her hand in his and drew her down to the chair beside him. They sat hand in hand in the silence, given over to voiceless memories of the past, only the ticking of the old clock keeping an accompaniment to their dreams of other Christmas Eves. They were sitting thus an hour later when a servant opened the door and said, respectfully: "There is a telephone call for Mr. Wellington."

"Can't you answer it, Mary?" the old man asked, loath to leave his comfortable chair and dreams.

"No, sir. It is especially for you. A long-distance call, I think."

"Who the deuce wants to talk to me from a distance," he said, as he rose and went to the telephone in the hall. "Hello, who is this?" he asked, as he picked up the receiver. "Yes, this is John Wellington."

"A party in Chicago wants to talk to you," said the long-distance operator.

"All right, put him up. Who in thunder do I know in Chicago," he ejaculated to himself, pressing the receiver closer to his ear.

A peculiar walling sound was all he heard, and a puzzled expression crept over his face. "Talk a little louder. I can't understand a thing you are saying," and he listened more intently. The walling grew a little louder, but still it was nothing but an inarticulate wall, and for a moment the old man looked thoroughly disgusted.

"Confound it!" he shouted at last. "You sound exactly like a mewling infant. I don't know what you are saying."

Then a man's laugh was heard, followed by "A merry Christmas, father. You know exactly what he sounds like, but you don't know what he is saying," and there was another laugh, ringing joyful, as in his boyhood days, and the old man knew he had found his own.

"Jack, Jack, my boy, is that you?" he shouted, staggered by the unexpected joy of his sudden discovery.

"None other, father, but what you just heard was another Jack, the second Jack Wellington, Jr. He has just arrived, and his command of English is somewhat limited, but he was doing his best to introduce himself, and invite you and grandma to Christmas dinner with him, and—"

"Oh, Jack, Jack, where have you been all these years?" sobbed the old man.

"Catch the Lake Shore Limited to-night, father, bring mother with you, and I'll tell you all about it when you get here. You've got time. You see, father, I've kept track of you and mother all along. I wasn't going to let anything happen to the old folks, and—there was a catch in his voice, "I've got the right kind of a report to make, father. Never fear that."

The old man could scarcely contain himself as he listened, pressing the receiver closer and closer to his ear, as though he feared some bit of the precious news might escape him.

Then he shouted: "All right, son, we're coming on the next train." He left the receiver dangling on the wall, and started on a run to the room where his wife sat, shouting as he went: "Mother, mother, it's Jack—our boy. Get ready, mother. I'm going to have a cab here in 20 minutes to catch the train for Chicago."

She had risen with a wild look on her face, and had started to question him, but he shook his head, saying: "No, no, I'll explain later. Not got time now. We're going to spend Christmas with Jack and his boy."

He started for the phone again, and then dashed back, exclaiming: "Pack the tin horn if you don't pack another thing. Any child that can cry loud enough to be heard all the way from Chicago ought to have breath enough to blow that horn," and he dashed again to the phone to order a cab.

Natural Deduction.

Peckem—I can't understand why so many people look upon Friday as the unluckiest day of the week.

Mrs. Peckem—Why, do you consider it lucky?

Peckem—It must be. Few people get married on that day.—Chicago Daily News.

Christmas Dinner by Toboggan Express

By ALVAH MILTON KERR

(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)

Donald Saunders had his first great adventure up in the Long's Peak country, a region famous throughout Colorado for heavy snows and avalanches. Donald came over from Denver, after graduating from high school, to spend the summer with Sumpter Saunders, his father's youngest brother. Sumpter was a very young uncle, indeed, being but 27 and not very long out of college, while Donald was 19. "Uncle Sump" was a big-boned, strapping fellow who had played center in his college football team, a man with laughing blue eyes and "teasing" ways but entertaining serious dreams of owning a great mine, if strength and pluck and persistence would bring one to light. He was running a tunnel on what he believed to be an excellent gold-bearing prospect, up in the Long's Peak country. Donald went out to help him. The tall boy had notions of becoming a mining engineer, and here was experience that might prove of value when he should be ready to enter a technical school.

The world is very much in confusion up in that country, the earth having been flung about at all sorts of angles, heaped and ragged and tumbled. Streams sprawl in foamy



Donald's Gray Eyes Dilated with Sudden Fear and Horror.

abandon through the canyons and the clumps of pines on the soaring steep slopes cheerily in the wind and sun. Donald found it all quite magical.

He had purposed returning home to Denver in the autumn, but Sumpter having offered him an interest in the mine, should they succeed in striking quartz, he concluded to remain at least until Christmas. Donald's father, knowing the value of practical experience, thought it quite as well that his son should stay and rough it for awhile.

There were deer and bear and mountain grouse in that lifted, broken region, but the two young fellows had little time for hunting them, being intent on driving the tunnel as rapidly and with as little delay and expense as possible. Sumpter had built a cabin close against the base of a perpendicular wall of rock at the side of the canyon in which his claim lay. In this cabin they lived very snugly, going down to Ward occasionally to bring up supplies. Donald had come up to that country over a little railroad, that runs from Boulder to Ward, a bit of track upon which the snow rotary plows are busy most of the winter.

Towards Christmas the young miners began to grow a bit lonesome and restless; they especially grew weary of ham and tinned meats and longed for venison, bear, beef, or almost any sort of fresh food that was fresh. Snow was heavy on the mountains and they could get about but little save upon snowshoes. Donald wished very ardently that he might go home for Christmas but made up his mind that to leave Sumpter in that white, lonely world would be selfish and cowardly, so he remained.

Christmas morning Donald put on his snowshoes and, bling Sumpter's rifle across his shoulder, he declared he was going to look for fresh meat. His uncle laughed at him but the hardy Scotch youth was resolute.

"An old hunter," he said, "told me at the hotel down in Ward, the last time I was down, that a lot of deer wintered in the big thickets just back of us here; he said they were hard to get at but he'd found them there twice. I'm going up to see."

Sumpter assented reluctantly, cautioning his nephew not to go too far away.

The day was soft and mild, the white world all agleam with sunshine. Donald put on a pair of smoked glasses and started up the canyon. A half mile away he found a little "draw," up the slope of which he

climbed until he came out upon the gleaming side of the mountain; thence he made his way slowly westward, passing around upheaving masses of dark stone, across slopes that were smooth as white satin, and, still further up the mountain side, found little hollows, evidently lined with brush but now filled with snow, simply big, glistening dimples in the mountain's fat face; but he saw no deer.

Finally, being weary of laboring through what was very much like an infinite bed of glittering down, he reached a point on the steep slope apparently a quarter of a mile or so directly north of the cabin. As he stood there, debating if he should return to the "draw" or attempt to find a more direct route to the floor of the gulch, he suddenly felt himself moving. His first thought was that an earthquake was swaying the mountain or that he himself had been seized with vertigo. Then with a wild thrill he perceived that a strip of snow 200 feet wide and perhaps 600 feet in length was moving down the mountain side!

Donald's gray eyes dilated with sudden fear and horror. He was thrown headlong in the snow, hearing as he fell the crunch of stones that were being ripped out of their beds and the crash and rending of stumps and roots as they parted from their sockets in the earth. With every pulse leaping in alarm he got to his feet, toppling and reeling and shouting for aid as he glanced about him. The next instant he was again thrown headlong. He was upon the back of a steed beside which the fabled Horse of Death was as an insect. Something went through his brain like a sheet of flame, in it a picture of Sumpter sitting by the open fire of pine logs down in the cabin, a book in his hand, undreaming of this ruthless monster rushing down to crush him.

The next moment Donald was again upon his feet, pitching and clutching at the air and shouting. In that moment he saw a very amazing thing, though everything was both amazing and not amazing as in some sort of indescribable dream. A hundred feet to the rear of him, almost at the upper tip of the avalanche, he saw a bear rolling and tossing on the hurrying mass. Thrown out of its hibernating bed among the rocks or decaying tree-roots, the animal was pitching about, now upon its feet then upon its back, helpless as a fly upon an ocean surge. Donald never knew why, but he shouted at the bear, and he never could recall afterwards exactly what it was he shouted. He says now that he thinks he commanded the bear not to roll down upon him, which was certainly absurd.

In his mind were many glancing thoughts. In such moments the mentality of man sometimes seems as a diamond with many facets. He thought of the Christmas tree to be lighted in the parlor at home in Denver, of how tired he was of corned beef, of where they would bury him when they took him crushed and dead from the snow at the bottom of the gulch, whether or not his school fellows if they now saw him would shout "Slide, Donald, slide!" as they used to when he was running the bases when playing ball, and many other things, all seemingly, in a single moment.

It must have been a very short period in which he was leaping and tumbling and whirling about on the mighty toboggan, for the avalanche ran down the mountain side like a swiftly hurrying snake, save that its undulations were up and down instead of sidewise as with a serpent. It seemed to Donald he had scarcely drawn six breaths before the snow-slide shot from the precipice above the cabin. Swift as was his flight he was conscious that the slide had leaped from the canyon wall, for throughout a few seconds there was no noise and he seemed being borne upon a bed of feathers though space, then there was a roar as of muffled thunder and he was wallowing deep in snow.

The mental picture that had flashed through Donald's mind of his young uncle sitting by the fire engrossed in a printed romance, had been true to the fact. Sumpter had awakened to the coming of the avalanche only when it neared the brink of the wall, 70 feet above the cabin. His book dropped from his hand and he made a leap for the door. The next moment a bear crashed through the roof and smote the floor in front of the fire, leaving the luckless animal lifeless. Sumpter's face blanched as he stared at the strange object, then he thought of Donald and hurriedly pushed his way out of the door. The snow about the cabin was up to his neck and the roof was piled deep with it, but the bulk of the slide had leaped clear over the little house, heaping the bottom of the gulch to the opposite wall, some 600 feet away. The bear had dropped from the tail of this rushing mass directly upon the cabin.

When Sumpter had got his frightened nephew out of the smother of stuff in which he was floundering, the two young fellows stood with pale faces staring at each other for a little space, then both, seeing what they had escaped, laughed joyously.

"Come into the cabin," said Sumpter, "we will have broiled bear steak for Christmas dinner!—Too many snowslides around here now; to-morrow we will pull out for Denver. In the spring we will come back and tunnel until we strike the vein."

All of which came true.

Bad.

"Did you enjoy the play last night?" "No, it was awful. I could write a better one myself."

"H-m. Then it must be bad."—Detroit Free Press.

"Le Bretagne"

Leon's Christmas Home Coming

By W. A. FRAZER

(Copyright, by Short Story Publishing Co.)

It was two o'clock when Le Bretagne spread her white sails and crept out toward the eastern sky. It was six when the gray wall of the sea rose and blotted out the ship as though she had gone to the bottom.

Then the dark figure which had been outlined against the crimson of the big, red setting sun turned wearily and crept over the sands towards Arichat—it was Marie, returning to her newly widowed home.

"Leon said he would come at the time of Christmas, so why should I fear?" she kept muttering, "and Leon will keep his word in life or death. Even if I'm dead, Marie," he said, joking me, "I will come to thee at Christmas."

On the farther side of L'Isle Madame the sea was moaning as Marie reached her cottage.

One month had gone—one month of the loveliest weather—ideal weather for the fishing, the old wives said, only they used a stronger word than "ideal" to express their satisfaction.

It was just 34 days since the gray wall of water had risen between Marie and her Leon. There was no mistaking the day, for she had just drawn a line through the date, the nineteenth of October. Not for a moment had Marie slumbered that night. The sea had gone to rest with a sigh, a sigh of utter weariness, as though the wind had called it to battle to the death; only the sea heard the challenge, the sea and Marie—she knew.

The calm that rested over everything was awful; it was as though all life had gone out of the world. And so it was when the green sky that



"Yes, Yes; It's Le Bretagne," an Old Man Was Saying.

was in the west changed to blood red; still not a breath of air. Toward noon the glassy water grew dark, where little puffs of wind ruffled its surface.

By night the clouds had risen like a wall, stretching from the south to the north, but still it was clear overhead; no clouds, only a murky, yellow haze.

Fifteen blasts of wind came tearing through the quaint old fishing town of Arichat, making signs and shutters tremble and creak for an instant, and then silence—that dreadful silence that seemed to still the very beating of one's heart.

That night Marie prayed as though she were pleading for her soul. "O, Holy Mother, plead for me, even as thou hast a Son," and then the hot flood of tears fell fast, blinding and scorching, and choking the full heart.

In the morning the eastern shore of L'Isle Madame was shrouded in seething spray. The breakers were thundering at her guarding rocks. By night the world was spray covered—the world of L'Isle Madame. The sky and the earth and the sea were one. And still from the southeast the storm drove, and all that night.

And in the morning of the second day the crash of breaking timbers mingled with the boom of the mighty waves as they dashed against the granite walls.

People were hurrying towards the surf-beaten shore. Her long hair tossing in the maddened breeze, Marie rushed after them; in her heart the cry that had been there for so many hours, "Holy Mother, save my Leon!"

"Yes, yes; it's Le Bretagne," an old man was saying, slowly lowering his glass as Marie came up to the group of people who were straining their eyes seaward. "Her anchors are out," he continued, "but she cannot live in such a gale under that strain, and if she parts her cable she will go to pieces on the rocks."

His words were scarcely audible above the shrieking of the wind; but Marie heard, and there, among those rough fishermen, she knelt and prayed,

over and over again, out of the choking fullness of her heart, "Holy Mother, save my Leon." The awful solemnity of the scene touched their rough hearts, and hats were doffed, and heads bowed, as the young wife prayed to her God in that living gale.

And then, as if in mockery of all things human, a mighty wave, mightier than any of its fellows, and following in the wake of two scarcely less mighty, broke over the Bretagne, and buried her beneath its many tons of foam-lashed water. The vessel swayed, trembled and disappeared before their very eyes.

Two men were holding Marie now. "I will go to him! He is calling me!" she shrieked. "O, God! will no one save him?"

The bronzed faces of the fisher-folk were turned away each from the other. The salt spray was on their beards, but in their eyes was that of which they were ashamed.

Then they led her back to the house, the little house that Leon had taken her to only a few weeks ago. And two of them watched into the gray of the morning, for 'neath all skins the fishers' hearts are warm.

That was the third night, and still she slept not. The storm was dying now, and moaning, together they passed away—the fury of grief and the rage of the storm. And for that day, and for many days the great grief had broken her mind.

Storm and sunshine, day in and day out, she sat down on the beach, and questioned the passers as to how many days to Christmas till her Leon would come home; for he had not said that he would come at Christmas, at the glad time of the year, and was not his word as the law among the fisher-folk, it was so true? And did she not pray every night to the Holy Mother to intercede for her, and bring her Leon home? And the masses that had been said for Leon, were they not to bring him home, too?

Poor little Marie, her mind, which was like unto a child's, could not understand that the mass which Father Dupre had said, had been to take him to that other home; for the good father had said mass for the repose of the souls of the men lying out there in Le Bretagne.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Many days after, at the time of Christmas, again the cry of Le Bretagne rang through the streets of Arichat; and again was there much of horror in the cry, for though the sea was calm now, there was Le Bretagne slowly sailing into port; and was not Le Bretagne at the bottom of the sea, and all hands drowned?

Small wonder that the browned faces were blanched now, as the fisher-folk lined up on the sand, as they had on that day two moons before.

"What sorcery is this?" they asked each other. It was Le Bretagne, they knew her as they knew their own houses. Spirit heads were sailing her, for on her decks no one moved.

A solemn hush settled down upon them; few spoke, and when they did it was with bated breath. What evil was this? for good it could not be.

'Twas Marie who had first seen the ship. Had her prayers worked this magic?

Nearer and nearer the dread ship came, until but a short way out from the shore she stopped, and swung to an anchor. Invisible hands had anchored her, for there was the cable right enough, running out from her bow, as she lifted lazily to the long ground swell.

"Take me to my Leon," Marie pleaded of the awe-struck fishermen, "he is calling me. Do you not see that his boats are washed away?"

Shamed by the presence of the women, four stout fishermen brought up a boat, and, taking Marie with them, rowed off to the ship that was like a phantom.

"Stay with us, ma petite amie," the fisherwomen pleaded with Marie. As well had they striven to check the ways of the wind.

How silent the ship was as the boat glided under her stern! Not a sound, not a voice; no movement, only the lap, lap, lap of the waters against her wooden sides.

The men crossed themselves as Dumont, the bravest fisherman in all Arichat, rose up, and, with blanched cheeks, caught his boat hook in Le Bretagne's rail.

How low she was in the water; as they stood up in their boat they could see across her deck—not across did they see, for half way they saw something which caused them to shudder, and beg of little Marie to stop in the boat.

But Marie had risen and seen, too, and with a cry that rang in the ears of those four men until their dying day, she sprang up the side of the ship, and stood on the slippery, slimy deck.

Her Leon was there, lashed to the mast. She threw herself upon his poor bloated form.

The four understood. Dumont looked down an open hatch: "Her salt is gone!" he exclaimed.

That brief sentence explained it all. She had gone to the fisheries loaded with salt. When the water had washed all the salt out of her hold, being a wooden ship, she had floated, dragging her one remaining anchor until it had caught in the good holding ground near the shore.

Gently they lifted Marie away from her dead lover.

Christmas had come to Marie. The Holy Mother had heard her prayer, and she was with Leon.

And every Christmas since, in Arichat, a mass is said for the repose of the soul of little Marie, and the lover who rose from those seas to come to her, even in death.

Greatest Xmas Store

Holiday Gifts for each member of the family

Year, is but a short time off. There is no doubt many a heart that gift. The two most important features that enter into your Christmas and price. You will find here an endless selection of Christmas for the family, the old, the young, and so many in fact, that the problem of gift giving is comparatively easy. In conjunction with the advantage of having an immense stock, so reasonable that you will spend less money than you really expected.



Toilet Sets, Etc.

Among the following are many worthy suggestions, any article of which would undoubtedly prove an appreciated gift. Toilet sets, manicuring sets, jewelry cases, handkerchief and glove boxes, sewing boxes, cuff and collar boxes, smokers sets, shaving sets, etc.

HAND-KERCHIEFS

Of these practical presents, we show a splendid line consisting of plain hemstitched and fancy edged some embroidered. Prices range from 5c to \$5.

HANDKERCHIEF SPECIAL, 25c. An extremely beautiful selection of fine handkerchiefs at this price. Made of Swiss, prettily embroidered and have scalloped or hemstitched edge, about 500 styles at **25c**



INITIAL HAND-KERCHIEFS
Pure linen, hemstitched edge, 6 in a box. Special at **\$1.50** and **\$1**



WAUKEGAN

ILLINOIS

Give Stationery---It's Useful

The recipient of a box of fine stationery cannot be otherwise than grateful, especially if it is purchased here. For ours is put up in handsome Xmas boxes and it is the highest quality paper. Prices, 10c to \$2.00.



A big special in children's boxed stationery, consisting of 24 envelopes and 24 sheets of paper, is offered at **25c**

Fine Perfumery

A box of perfume is sure to please, we have a complete line of Colgate's, noted for their fragrant odors, at per bottle **\$1**. Fancy boxed perfume, very attractively put up, at 25c to 50c.



JEWELRY---A PLEASING GIFT

BACK COMBS. An extensive new selection, shell and amber, fancy mountings and sets, priced from 25c to \$6.00.

BROOCHES. A new showing special for Xmas presents, gold finished, plain or set with stones 25c to \$2.00.

Games, Books, Etc., for the Children

WRITING DESK. A practical gift for a child, 20 inches high, natural varnish finish, size 16 x 19 inches, price, **2.98**



TOOL CHESTS. Containing about one dozen of the most practical tools, made of hard wood, varnished, size 6x11 inches, priced at **50c**



HOLLY BOXES for handkerchiefs, 2 to 50c.

IRON TRAINS, consisting of engine and two cars, 16 inches long, painted dark green and black. Price, **50c**

DRUMS. 6 inch sheep skin head, lots of fun for the youngsters, 25c. Others priced up to \$1.48.

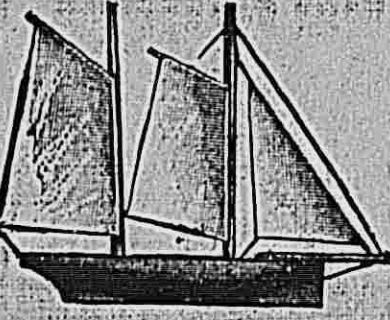
CHAIRS. 18 inch high, 12 inch seat, painted red, well constructed and priced at **50c**

EDDY BEARS. They always please the children, these are 12 inch high, made of good grade plush, price **98c**

FOLDING TABLES. 16 x 24 inch top, 16 inches high, painted red, nicely finished. Price, **85c**

PIANOS. 15 in. long, 11 inches high, 15 keys, very attractively decorated, Price, **98c**

STEEL YACHT. 20 inches long, mask and sails, priced at **98c**



WATER SET. pressed glass, neat designs, consists of tankard and 6 tumblers to match. Price, **25c**

FOLDING GO-CART. all steel frame, rubber tires, leatherette back. Price, **2.50**

Others made of wood at 35c to \$5.00.

FIRE ENGINES. made of iron, 12 inches long, painted red, two horses, attached. Price, **50c**



Practical Gift Suggestions for The Men

If you are in doubt as to a practical gift to give a gentleman look over this list carefully, undoubtedly it will assist you in deciding.

MEN'S KID GLOVES. a gift that is always appreciated, a complete line of black, tan and gray, dressed kid at \$1.00 to \$2.00. The undressed kid have silk lining at \$1.50 and \$2.00. Fur lined kid gloves at \$2.50 to \$4.50.

SILK MUFFLERS. Can you think of a more practical present. Our selection is a large one, come in fancy and plain colors, priced from 50c to \$2.00.

DRESS SHIRTS. Give him a nice shirt for Xmas, we have a splendid line of negligee shirts, pleated or plain, cuffs attached or detached in the newest colorings, also plain white in stiff or fluted bosom. Priced from 50c to \$2.00.

NECKWEAR. The most beautiful selection of men's four-in-hand ties shown in Waukegan, a new lot just in for the holiday trade, made up of the choicest patterns in fine quality silk, nicely put up in holly boxes, 50c and 75c.

A big line to select from at also 25c.

HANDKERCHIEFS. He'll appreciate these for sure, we have the pure linen and silk with initial letters at 25c and 50c. Others in plain white with hemstitched edge at 10c to 25c.

Fancy border handkerchiefs in attractive new selection at each, 15c.



Underwear

We are headquarters for the best lines of men's underwear in the country, exceptional values are offered in garments at from \$1.00 to \$3.00. Union suits at \$1.00 to \$5.00.

SWEATER COATS. A splendid showing of men's sweater coats, all desirable colorings, at \$1.39 to \$5.00.

BOYS SWEATER COATS. at 85c to \$2.00.

SMOKING JACKETS. If he smokes he would certainly be thankful for one of these. We offer a very handsome one at \$4.95, made of plain or fancy velour, appropriately trimmed. Special \$4.95. Other splendid values at \$6.00, \$7.00 and \$8.00.

BATH ROBES. Made of Turkish cloth in oriental designs, belted and have hood. Special, \$4.50.

Boys Coat Offer

A positive \$5.00 garment offered very special for this Xmas sale, made in the Russian, 3/4 and full length styles, splendid materials in plain and fancy colors, ages 2 1/2 to 17 years. A bargain at **3.95**



Elegant Showing Xmas Ribbons

HOLLY RIBBON. in all widths, and the best of qualities, priced at yard 3c to 30c.

FANCY PLAID and Dresden ribbons, all widths, at the yard 35c to 65c.

Don't Forget Hosiery---A Good Gift

What could you buy that would be more practical. We show a good line of fancy lace, embroidered and silk; in black, white, grey and tan, 50c to \$2.00.

LACE HOSE. Black, extra fine, all sizes, special values, at pair **35c**

Books of Fiction---All Popular Works

Give a book for a present. We have many of the newest as well as standard works by popular authors, ranging in prices from 25c to \$1.18. Then we have the Alger series for boys at 25c, and the Henty series for girls, at 25c.

No Better Gift Than Good Linens

TABLE CLOTHS. Size 2 1/2 x 2 yards, pure bleached, highly mercerized, splendid new patterns, a great bargain at **2.50**

TOWELS. Large size, huck and damask towels, fringed or hemstitched, plain or fancy borders, handsome finish and quality. Special at each **29c**

OTHER PATTERN CLOTHS. in handsome new patterns, up to \$6.50.

TABLE DAMASK. Choice new line of table damask by the yard, a splendid showing from the cheapest qualities to the very finest grade, napkins to match.

BED SPREADS. Large size, heavy quality, splendid patterns, can't be duplicated at the **98c** price

Waist Patterns in Xmas Boxes

One of these beautiful waist patterns will make a gift that will surely be appreciated. They are full patterns and the material consists of silks, plain and fancy wool, mercerized and cotton fabrics. Prices range from 69c to \$5.98.

Rugs and Lace Curtains are Sensible Gifts

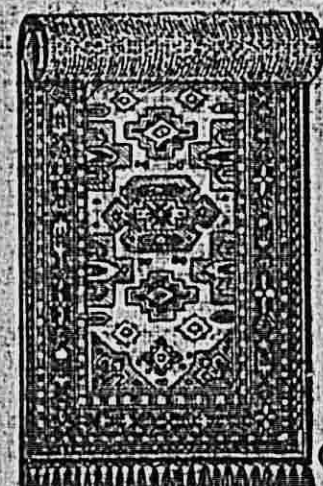
VELVET RUGS, extra fine quality, handsome floral and oriental designs, attractive colorings, medium size. Special offer at **98c**

VELVET RUGS, \$1.95. Size 27 x 60 inches, beautiful combination colorings and handsome oriental and floral patterns, priced far below real value, only **1.95**

ELECTRO VELVET RUG, 27 x 60 inches and extra heavy quality, beautifully blended colorings in rich oriental and floral patterns, special price **2.95**

LACE CURTAINS. We are displaying for Xmas buyers an immense new line of fine Nottingham and cable net curtains, the very newest patterns are represented in plain white or Arabian, the prices range from 98c to **7.50**

Drapery Goods. We show a splendid line of new draperies by the yard, tapestry curtains, table spreads, couch covers, etc., at prices that are interesting.



Postal Card Albums

A new holiday line, cloth bound, fancy designed covers, hold 200 cards, price 25c. Others at 10c to \$2.50.

BOOKS. Children's nursery stories, cloth bound cover, nicely illustrated **25c**

Fancy Goods Section

Such things as stamped linens for embroidery work, pillow tops, doilies, dresser scarfs and pillow shams, make a very desirable gift. You'll find the Globe the headquarters for all this class of merchandise.

CARPET SWEEPERS, the famous Bissell's carpet sweeper, acknowledged to be the best made, you'll find them at the Globe priced at \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$5.00.



Set at \$4.50

of china, highly decorated plate and blue and gold lines. You could not give a more beautiful present. Price, **14.50**

ROGERS & BROTHERS 100 pieces set porcelain, a special offer **10.50**

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ARMY AGAINST NAVY.

Annual Football Game Promises to Be Spectacular Struggle.

BOTH TEAMS WELL BALANCED

Annapolis Has Eight of Last Year's Veterans on Team—West Point Has Strong Defense—To Play Nov. 28 in Philadelphia.

The football season of 1908 will formally close when the football eleven of the army and navy meet on Franklin field, Philadelphia, on Nov. 28 in their annual struggle on the gridiron. The game arouses widespread interest, not only in football, but in both branches of the service far and near.

From the showing made by West Point and Annapolis this fall, the annual game at Franklin field will in all



DALTON



PHILOON

CAPTAIN PHILOON OF THE ARMY AND DALTON, NAVY'S GREAT KICKER.

probability be a corker. The two eleven appear evenly matched, with chances slightly favoring the army team on their good showing against Princeton and Yale. The middies made good against Harvard with a tie score, but were beaten 16 to 6 by the Indians.

Captain Northroft, the navy's tackle, is a born leader. He knows the game thoroughly and is into every play. His recent feat of kicking a goal from the field from the forty-five yard line was a great performance. Quarterback Lange has All American aspirations. He is handy, gets everything out of the men behind him, kicks faultlessly and is one of the greatest runners on a broken field today.

Jones has been changed from left halfback to left end, Clay going to the vacant position behind the line. The change was not proposed on account of any dissatisfaction with Jones' work. Clay is a very speedy and clever back and was only displaced by the change because of the latter's punting ability.

Slingluff, center, is of All American caliber. He is remarkably fast, charges quickly and follows the ball well. Reifsnider, right end; Leighton, right tackle, and Wright, right guard, all are veterans.

Take the army eleven from end to end and behind the line and there is a reason to believe that the players will do better than the team of 1907. Dean is a better kicker than West Point had at any time last season.

In every game in which West Point took part in the fall of 1907, the catching of punts was enough to rack the soul of any coach. The performance of the team this year is something like the accomplishing of real catching. It is very satisfactory to players and coaches as compared with the record last fall.

The army's back field is a strong one, Chamberlin playing at fullback, Surls at left half, Greble right halfback and Baehr fullback. In several scrimmages this season Surls showed he has his old time ground gaining power. Chamberlin's long rest has done him good. Wood, Kern and Hyatt have all been tried out at quarter. Hyatt has given many brilliant exhibitions in running back punts and also added many gains with quarterback runs. Moss, right guard, has recovered from his injured knee, and Captain Philoon has been playing a good strong game at center.

THE WOOING OF ROSYBEL.

By KATHARINE K. CROSBY.

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Farmer John considered him a most ungodly young man and forbade him to enter the yard. He also forbade his daughter, Rosybel, to leave the yard, except on Sundays, when she could go to church under his eagle eye.

It may be that Farmer John's ideals were rather exacting. Rosybel thought them so anyway. To her there was nothing absolutely wicked about a pipe of tobacco, especially if the pipe were of the rakish type affected by young men who had been to college.

Dick Melton had been to college. Indeed his A. B. was barely a fortnight old. Now he was touring the country after a fashion all his own in the search of amusement.

He told his father that he wanted to see something of life before entering upon that glorious political career which his doting parent saw stretching before his eldest born.

Now, touring suggests a gay and festive motor car, all red enamel and staring brass work, but Dick had eschewed such vanities as all too commonplace. He was touring in a hayrack.

Besides Dick there was in the hayrack a variety of commodities—a pile of boards of assorted sizes, for instance; a couple of canvas contraptions which when you gave them a chance evolved into a cot bed and a lounging chair; a nickel plated pail, which could be transformed by some intricate into a complete chafing dish outfit; a small table and, most important of all, a camp organ of the sort carried about by wandering evangelists.

When Farmer John issued his edict that the young man who had dropped into church from nowhere at all and walked home from the meeting with his daughter Rosybel should not enter his premises on pain of death—via bulldog Towser—Dick was rather pleased than otherwise.

His vacation bade fair to furnish more entertainment than he had anticipated. Moreover, he was really very much taken with Rosybel, who was not only the prettiest girl whom he had met with in his travels, but was also blessed with a sense of humor. This is an adorable combination, hard to resist.

The afore mentioned edict was pronounced on Sunday evening, when Dick again presented himself to see Rosybel home from meeting. On Monday morning the hayrack drove into the field, which was bordered in part by the neat white palings of Farmer John's homestead fence.

The field did not belong to Farmer John. Quite near the fence, in the shade of a big elm tree, the young man proceeded to assemble the boards which he had taken from the hayrack.

It happened that Rosybel's garden had run sadly to weeds over Sunday, and she was obliged to spend considerable time out there on Monday morning in consequence.

As the garden was between the house and that particular part of the fence where the elm tree stood, she could not help seeing what the young man was about. For one thing, he was smoking, except at times when he removed the pipe and sang a bacchanalian ditty about a stein on a table, which Rosybel was glad her father did not hear, for he always voted no license.

For another thing, the young man was building a house, which in her part of the country is not often gone about so casually. There was, however, neither pounding of nails nor noise of saw. The birds sang undisturbed in the branches of the elm tree, and the bang bird in her nest watched him without alarm.

When Farmer John came in from the fields at noon he snorted at the sight of his new neighbor. By this time the house was nearly done. Dick was hanging the front door, and there remained only the piazza steps to be put in place.

When Farmer John came in from the fields at night the camp organ was hard at work on the piazza. Later many couples came strolling by, on the lookout to see Rosybel's new fellow.

They came to see and remained to dance. The grass had been clipped short, and the straws from the organ invited to "Portland Fancy," "Lady of the Lake" and kindred measures.

When they had gone, Rosybel stole down to the fence from the place among the shadows where she had been watching the scene. Dick got to the fence first, and there was neither pipe nor song in his lips.

By the shine of his eyes you might have guessed that there was a whole cycle of songs in his heart, all having for chorus the refrain, "Rosybel, daughter of John!" It was not long, however, before they were interrupted by the voice of this same John calling loudly for Rosie.

It now became the favorite pastime for lovers, young and old, married and courting, to go down to the Old Mill road to watch the wooing of Rosybel. Usually there were music and dancing, but once they had a grand candy pull after the chafing dish had been unlimbered and brought into action.

On this occasion Rosybel came down from her place among the shadows and "pulled" with Dick over the fence. That was the gayest evening of them all, for Farmer John was attending a grange meeting over the mountain and no sound of revelry could reach him.

"This has been going on for a week,

and tomorrow is Sunday," said the young man when the rest had gone and his heart was singing songs against the white paling fence. "Tomorrow is Sunday, and I should like to walk home from church with you, Rosybel."

"But you can't," provoked Rosybel, "because dad will be there." "And three or a crowd, I've noticed. Do you happen to know, belovedest, what is wrong about your little Dick?" "Nothing, of course, only dad thinks you are a loafer and don't know how to work."

"We'll show dad his little mistake. Some one said he was short haired for the haying next week. Is that so?" "Yes. He can hardly get help, but what?" The sound of approaching wheels threatened Farmer John's arrival, and her question was not finished.

Early Monday morning a stranger applied to Farmer John for work. He wore heavy, silver rimmed spectacles, and his hair was slicked down over his forehead in a bang. His clothes were all that a farm hand's should be, from torn straw hat to sullied shoes.

Farmer John was nearsighted and never interested in matters of personality. He chuckled afterward over the good bargain he had made, for in addition to the horse and hayrack which the man offered along with his services he would furnish his own meals.

He realized that this was unusual, the stranger said, but he had indignation and could only eat his own cooking. Farmer John was delighted, and Rosybel, listening around the corner, did not know whether to laugh or be glad at her lover's sense of honor which prevented his eating forbidden salt.

Every evening after that they met under the elm tree, and Dick showed her the new culottes spots which the day had brought forth, the while he boasted of his prowess in the field. Rosybel listened eagerly and let her eyes tell him what she thought of him, which was very pleasant for Dick and made life altogether worth living.

By Saturday the hay was well in except from a choice patch of clover which the farmer had been obliged to leave out overnight. It was all seasoned and cocked and ready for the fork. The weather had been fine all the week, and when the men turned into their beds at an early hour there was still no threat of change.

In the middle of the night, however, Dick was wakened by a low rumble of thunder. The young man's first thought was of those haycocks over in the west mowing; his next was to get there before the rain. Stopping only for trousers and shoes, he rushed out to where his horse was picketed. The moon gave light enough between gathering clouds for him to see his way to the field, where he put in a half hour of such work as he had never known, even in football season.

The hayrack was loaded and under way for the barn before the rain struck. Farmer John met him in the farmyard with a lantern as he drove up in a hurry and stared at him in astonishment.

"Open that barn door, you loafer!" Dick yelled in his excitement, quite forgetting that he was addressing the father of Rosybel. Farmer John was not used to being called a loafer, but when he came to understand the situation he rather liked it.

When the hay was safely housed and the barn door padlocked he invited the young man into the house to dry off. There he bustled about and built a fire in the kitchen stove, and while Dick was toasting his feet in the oven the old man surveyed him thoughtfully. Presently he inquired mildly:

"What do you do for a living, young fellow?"

"Going into politics," Dick responded modestly.

"Grange or capital?" demanded Farmer John. It was a crucial question.

"I'll stand for the farmers every time," Dick assured him, and that settled it. The two were earnestly discussing the ownership of wild lands when the sitting room door opened and Rosybel appeared.

Neither saw her, and presently the conversation took a more personal trend.

"Do I understand," asked Farmer John, "that you're talking of getting Rosybel to finish your education for you?"

"With your consent, yes," replied Dick politely.

"She can teach ye a lot. Women folks mostly can. Well, seeing as you've the makings of a farmer if politics fall, she can have the job if she wants it."

A little gasp from the girl brought them both to their feet. Dick's interest in the farm versus capital was for the moment in abeyance as he crossed quickly to her side.

"When does school open, Rosybel?" he demanded tenderly. Farmer John picked up a candle and stumped toward the back hall door.

"Usually, begins 'bout September round these parts," he grumbled as he went out. He foresaw that on the next day, which was Sunday, he would walk home from church alone.

"But it's you who will be the teacher," corrected Rosybel some time later, and Dick, after the way of men, was not at too many pains to set her right.

"LADY FREDERICK."

Ethel Barrymore Seen in New Maugham Play.

A SPENDTHRIFT-IRISH GIRL

Jessie Millward and Bruce McRae Seen in Support of the Talented Star, Who Plays Character of a Young Woman Gambler at Monte Carlo—Outline of Story.

[From Our New York Dramatic Correspondent.]

Miss Ethel Barrymore has come to the Hudson theater with "Lady Frederick," a comedy by W. Somerset Maugham, author of "Jack Straw."

Lady Frederick, with only her Irish wit and charm to keep her head above water, is a spendthrift living at Monte Carlo, where she borrows money right



ETHEL BARRYMORE.

and left. The most persistent of three lovers who cause her no end of trouble is young Lord Mereston, whose mother and uncle do everything in their power to dissuade him from his infatuation. She is greatly maligned, but finally proves herself to be much better than her enemies. Meanwhile Lord Mereston's devotion is unshaken.

Bruce McRae is again seen as Miss Barrymore's leading man, and other members of her company are Jessie Millward, Charles Hammond, Arthur Elliot, Norman Thorp, Vera Stowe and Anita Roth.

The bracing quality of Miss Jessie Millward's work as Lady Mereston, the mother of the youth infatuated with Lady Frederick, served as a tonic by comparison and led one into the temptation of thinking what she might have done if she had found herself in the title role.

It was the clash between the two women that brought the first spark and for a moment put a stop to the somewhat laboriously "smart" sayings. Lady Mereston was determined that her son should not be ensnared, and she was prepared to bring a letter out of the past to show that Lady Frederick's reputation should be sent to the cleaners. Lady Frederick calmly explained that she had written the letter to save her sister-in-law from the consequences of an early indiscretion, and both Lord Mereston and his Uncle Fouldes promptly announced that they believed her.

This scene roused some of the supposed Irish in Miss Barrymore and caused her eyes to flash for a change. It was a victory without a vengeance for Lady Frederick, for she had withheld a bundle of letters that proved Lady Mereston's late revered husband to have been the adoring "Chickadee" of a little dancer whose reputation was still very much alive. Fouldes had offered her more than the amount of her debts for these letters, only to have her decline to get out of debt by that route. When Lady Mereston's "evidence" was ruled out of reason the enamored youth asked Lady Frederick to marry him right before his mother and was told to come for his answer at 10 o'clock in the morning.

Why the young man's fond illusions should have been destroyed by what he saw in Lady Frederick's dressing room was more than the average man in the audience could see. Miss Barrymore, in a pretty kimono and with only a few locks of her hair strung down her face, looked anything but a "fright," and when she "made up" her face and her maid plucked a few harmless "puffs" to her hair any sensible man would have sat back and applauded. But Lord Mereston was dreadfully shocked and completely "cured." Then Fouldes came to the rescue of the lady by paying the gambling debts of her brother. This account was held by the ambitious selen of a money lender, who wanted to settle it by marriage, and the disagreeable part was neatly played by Mr. Orlando Daly.

ROBERT BUTLER.

Fultz May Coach Swarthmore Nine. Dave Fultz, the old Brown baseball player and later with the Philadelphia and New York major league clubs, will in all probability be elected baseball coach at Swarthmore college for next spring.

KU KLUX INDICTMENTS

Murder and Another Capital Offense Charged in 33 True Bills. Union City, Tenn., Dec. 12.—Thirty-three indictments were returned by the special grand jury which investigated the recent night rider raids in the Reelfoot Lake region. Of this number, twenty-one charge murder for the lynching of Captain Quentin Rankin; six allege participation in the burning of the fish docks of J. C. Burdick at Samburg; the other six charge a violation of the Ku Klux act, a felonious assault while in disguise, a capital offense.

At Amherst Sale \$38,000 Is Paid for Set of Furniture.

London, Dec. 12.—At the sale of Lord Amherst's collection of tapestry, French furniture and enameled, an eight panel set of old Gobellins, representing episodes of the military career of Louis XIV., brought \$65,000.

A sixteenth century enamel plaque representing the death of the Virgin Mary brought \$38,000, and a suite of Louis XV. furniture, two settees and twelve chairs, also sold for \$38,000. The total amount realized was nearly \$200,000.

New York, Dec. 12.—The National League of Baseball Clubs appointed a committee of four of its members to investigate reports by Umpires Klem and Johnstone that an attempt was made to bribe them at the championship deciding New York-Chicago game played at the New York Polo Grounds on Oct. 3.

The committee consists of John T. Brush, president of the New York club, chairman; Charles H. Ebbetts, August Hermann and President Harry C. Pulliam of the National League.

The names of the men who are alleged to have attempted bribery were not disclosed.

It is intimated that criminal prosecutions might follow the investigation committee's report.

So rare are accusations of bribery in connection with organized baseball and so well authenticated were the charges presented today and officially made public, that the news created a profound stir.

The statement by League President Pulliam follows:

"When the National League had apparently transacted all of its business at its meeting on Thursday, Mr. Pulliam called attention to a matter which all concerned consider not only of the utmost importance to the league, but to organized baseball as well. He stated that Messrs. Klem and Johnstone, the umpires, had submitted to him signed statements that an effort had been made to bribe them. In one of these statements the name of the person who approached the umpire was given, as well as the name of persons who he claimed to represent.

"We desire to state that none of the persons whose names are withheld at this time are in any way connected with organized baseball."

BIKE RACE ENDS TONIGHT

Probability That All Previous Records Will Be Shattered.

New York, Dec. 12.—The three leading teams in the six-day bicycle race were pedaling steadily along today more than six miles ahead of the best mark previously set. There was every indication that the close of the race tonight would find all previous records eclipsed. The latest score:

Rutt-Stol, Moran-McFarland, Hill-Weinara, 2,375 miles, 8 laps; Walthour-Root, 2,375 miles, 7 laps; Mitten-Colina, 2,375 miles, 6 laps; Willey-Galvin, 2,375 miles, 5 laps; Vanoni-Anderson, 2,375 miles, 4 laps.

"YOUNG CORBETT" AGAIN

Will Meet Phil Brock in Ring in New Orleans Tonight.

New Orleans, Dec. 12.—Whether it is true that prize fighters after they are once "down and out" never really come back will be put to the test again when "Young Corbett," conqueror of "Terrible Terry" McGovern and, since put to the ropes several times, meets Phil Brock in a twelve round battle here tonight.

Corbett says he is as good as he ever was. On his way here from New York he shoveled coal on the steamer in order to get himself into shape.

Attell Roundly Hooted.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 12.—Ad Wolgast of Milwaukee, outfought Abe Attell. The bout went ten rounds with no official decision. Wolgast rushed the fighting in every round, backing Attell all around the ring. The general opinion was that Attell did not half try, and he was roundly hooted for his showing.

'Big Turk' Defeats Beell.

Chicago, Dec. 12.—Yusuf Mahmoud won his match with wrestler Fred Beell.

SHOT BY ROCKEFELLER

Brother of Oil Baron in Hunting Accident in Kansas.

Belvidere, Kas., Dec. 12.—Joseph T. Bird, a dry goods merchant, accompanied Frank Rockefeller, John D. Rockefeller's brother, quail hunting on Mr. Rockefeller's ranch at this place.

A covey of birds rose between the two and both fired. Several small shot from Mr. Rockefeller's gun entered Mr. Bird's face. A brace of birds fell wounded. At the same time Mr. Bird went to the ranch house, where the shot were picked out of the flesh and the wounds were treated.

THE BEST KICKERS.

Elevens With Good Pigskin Booters Score Victories.

COY OF YALE AND HIS PUNTS.

Balenti of the Carlisle Indians Beat Navy. With Toe—Penn Uncovered Wonder in Means—Steffen, Allerdice, Kennard and Moll.

The value of a man who can drop kick, kick a goal from placement or punt for long distances has been proved in several big college football games this season. One of the most conspicuous performers in this respect has been Mike Balenti, the spry little Cheyenne Indian, who has proved a second Hudson for the Carlisle eleven this season. Balenti's four goals from placement in the recent Indian-Navy game was noteworthy.

Balenti's work was little short of remarkable, as there was a strong wind blowing, which made accurate kicking difficult, and two of the goals were from bad angles. But the Indian was equal to the test and made perfect kicks the four times he tried.

All the more remarkable is the fact that Balenti had made few tries for placement goals this year. This work was generally entrusted to Thorpe, who made a brilliant success of his job, for in two straight games he made the amazing total of six placement goals.

It was not until late in the season that Pennsylvania figured in the ranks of goal kickers. For some time there had been reports from Franklin field that the red and blue had a wonderful kicker in Jack Means, a 190 pound back, who hailed from Ohio State university. But Means never got a chance until the recent game with Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh, when he made two placement kicks. With Means in the lineup Penn might have won from the Indians.

Michigan also loomed up strong in goal kicking. The Wolverines' half-back, Allerdice, has been a consistent performer in this department all season. He kicked three goals against Vanderbilt recently, and one was a magnificent effort from the forty yard mark.

Wisconsin was fortunate in having a goal kicker in its contest with Marquette, as the Badgers were a beaten team until the closing minutes of play.



VICTOR KENNARD OF HARVARD.

when Keckle Moll decided the issue with a clever drop kick from the thirty-five yard mark.

Harvard had a splendid drop kicker in Victor Kennard. Early in the season an injury forced him out for several weeks, but on his return Kennard kicked several goals. Harvard has not had a good drop kicker since the days of Dudley Dean, and the development of Kennard was heralded with delight by the undergraduates.

Wheaton of Yale and Captain Walter Steffen of Chicago are two able exponents of drop kicking. Wheaton was considered to be one of the best drop kickers in the east, while Steffen led the booters in the west. Dean of West Point has displayed great kicking ability in many games.

So far as punting is concerned, probably the best man of the year is Edyard Coy of Yale, a sensational full-back, who boots to ball anywhere from fifty to sixty yards with seeming ease. The punts of "Long John" Miller of the University of Indiana carry farther than those of any other man in the western college grid.

The University of Pennsylvania has depended much on Captain Bill Hollenback's punting in the team's leading contests this season.

Captain Burr of Harvard is one of the greatest of punts today. He ranks a close second Coy of Yale.



Four Celebrations of New Year's Day

NEW YEAR is celebrated in this country at least on four different dates in addition to the regular national New Year's celebration on January 1. The first of these foreign celebrations will be that of the Greeks and Russians and a few other nationalities which adhere to old style dates. They will have New Year on January 14, 13 days later than the New Year of the new style. Next in order comes the Chinese New Year, on February 13, and, but a day later, February 14, comes the Mohammedan first day of the year. The Jewish New Year falls nearly nine months later, about the middle of September, on the first day of the month of "Tishri."

The celebrations vary both in accordance with the religions of the various peoples and their climatic, racial and national characteristics. With the Greeks, Russians, Servians, Bulgarians and Macedonians, all of whom adhere to the Greek Catholic church, New Year's is one of the most pleasant if not the pleasantest festival of the year. With the Jews, on the contrary, the New Year, Rosh Hashana, as it is called, is far from being a pleasant affair. It is a day of retribution, of judgment. It is preceded by weeks of prayer, fasting and penitence, and is followed by ten days known as the days of repentance, which wind up with Yom Kippur, the day of atonement, a most grousome and weird day, dreaded by every orthodox Jew.

Greeks Celebrate Two Days.

The most interesting and joyous celebration of the New Year is that of the Greeks. The Greek New Year lasts two days. In these two days the Greek nature with its unbounded joy of life comes into its own. The heart of every Greek thrills on that day with unbounded joy. Passionately he awaits the evening, when in his little Greece, in a genuine Greek restaurant, with male cooks and attendants, he can get his genuine Greek food, Hellenic dishes, and wash them away with Greek wine which was purposefully imported into this country for the holidays.

"Christmas is a great holiday with us," said a prominent Greek, "but it is after all a solemn day. It is a religious holiday. No gifts are exchanged on Christmas and the three days, which the holiday last are given over to religious meditation. How different it is with the New Year! Next to our national holiday on March 25, which commemorates the date of our independence, just as July 4 commemorates the birth of the American nation, New Year's days, for we have two of them, are our greatest holidays. In Greece New Year is essentially a family holiday. There we have a children's afternoon which is devoted entirely to the young ones, who are given the utmost opportunities to enjoy themselves. In this country, however, it is slightly different. Out of the 13,000 Greeks living in Chicago only 200 have their families here. There are only between sixty and eighty children, and as we are only just planning to build a school of our

own, we have not yet the means nor the call for a children's afternoon on New Year's day."

Still, many of the Greek families will observe this ancient custom in this country. They will have their children's afternoon. They will have their delicious New Year's pudding known as "king's pudding." In fact, in many cases the pudding will be even more delicious than it would have been in old Athens. For one of the ancient customs among the Greeks is to hide some gold coin in one portion of the pudding and he who gets the share of the pudding with the gold coin in it becomes the favorite as well as the leader of the two days' joy and sport. In this country, where gold is more plentiful than in Greece, and where it is more easily earned by the Greek father, the pudding promises to contain more gold and be much more delightful to the finder of the same.

Perhaps the most unique Greek dish on New Year's eve is the roast lamb, set up in Greek style, of which each son of Hellenas must partake. The roasting of the lamb is attended with a great deal of pomp. The entire carcass of a lamb is set up on a pole and this is held over a fire until it is duly roasted. Then it is sliced and apportioned among the various persons present at the feast and the roast is eaten along with the other strictly Greek dishes and washed down with Greek wine.

Russians Like Our Food.

Russians in this country celebrate but one day, and they, too, attempt to produce a home atmosphere. However, home food is not thought of. The bread, the meat, and the wine of the United States are considered as good as and even far better than the products of their own land.

The Macedonians, Servians and Bulgarians celebrate the New Year, perhaps less elaborately, also on the same day as their Greek and Russian colleagues.

The Turks celebrate their first of the year with the modesty characteristic of people who have not yet any hold on a place.

The Chinese will have their customary celebration of the Chinese New Year on February 13 with feasting and enjoyments with which the holiday is observed in the Celestial empire.

In striking opposition to the spirit of joy and happiness which pervades the New Year of the Greeks and Christendom generally is the New Year of the Jews. With the Jews, who also observe the New Year for two days, the days are not days of feasting and enjoyment but days of judgment. According to the belief of every orthodox Jew, every member of the Jewish race is tried on the New Year. The books kept in heaven are opened on that day, the record of each man for the year just ending is looked through, and taken under advisement for ten days. On the tenth day, the day of atonement, the fate of each man for the coming year is drawn up, whether he should live or die, prosper or be poor. On the day of atonement the fate is sealed and nothing can change it any more.

Turning the New Leaf

With reverent heart we turn anew
An untouched page of time.
'Tis ours to fill with noble deeds
Or stain with sin and crime;
Then ere we mar its surface pure—
Ere we begin anew,
'Tis well that o'er our last year's work
We take a short review.

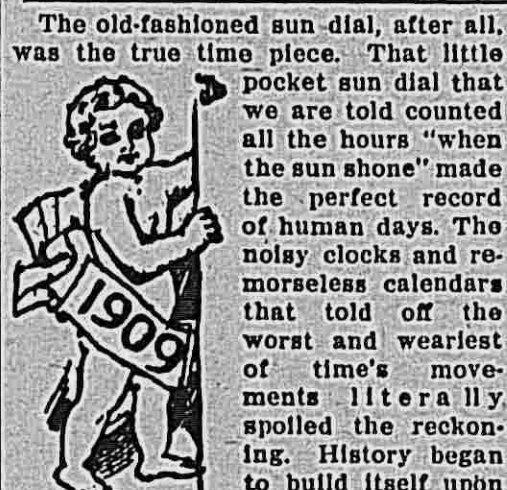
Alas! we scan through tears the page
We meant should be so fair—
The blotted page where records live
Of hope and toil and care;
The page that ends the finished year
Of loss and gain and strife,
Of love and home's sweet happiness,
And peace that blesses life.

So much there is of pleasantness
Our record has to tell—
And so much done unworthily
We might have done so well!
Though mental retrospection shows
That shine exceeds the shade;
Too late we would erase the blots
Of past mistakes we made.

Then turn the new leaf! Look not back
To grieve o'er loss and pain;
But view the future's spotless page
Where we begin again;
And here resolve, by God's own grace,
That we will do our best
To keep life's record clean and pure
And trust Him for the rest.

—Margaret Scott Hall.

As the Years Mark Time for Mankind



The old-fashioned sun dial, after all, was the true time piece. That little pocket sun dial that we are told counted all the hours "when the sun shone" made the perfect record of human days. The noisy clocks and remorseless calendars that told off the worst and weariest of time's movements literally spoiled the reckoning. History began to build itself upon

wretchedness of a people, and all creation to take note of time by its loss instead of its golden gain in the hours of perfect sunlight.

But the reaction has set in. It is the glad hours and not the sad ones that are to be made to count.

Let us tarry awhile
At the sign of the smile

Is the watchword which even pious pilgrims are sending out to upset the ancient reckoning. "Let the smile become the Christian's rather than the devil's sign" they cry in chorus, and the joy of the spirit becomes the measure of its days. Good Isaac Barrow's picture of the child of heaven "smiling always with a never-ending serenity of countenance and flourishing in an immortal youth" has at last taken hold of the Christian world and, spurred on by the new thought rhapsodies, promises to turn back the calendar of all our days. Counting time by heart throbs is no new method, to be sure, but the kind of heart throbs that "always find man young and always keep him so" were rather lost with the sun and nature worship of the early world.

When men went to nature for their reckoning it was as Wordsworth tells us:

They felt
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.

Centuries young were those children of the morning, before even the sun dial had begun to tell them of the flight of time. It remains true still that whether nature or the soul strikes the joy-note in the human breast, the poet's question rises instinctively to the lips:

O what have I to do with time,
For this the day was made.

Man Has His Choice.

Good or bad, the years come out of the bosom of the infinite bearing some boon from the eternal for man to lay hold of if he will. To choose the permanent from the mutable and fleeting is the life secret they carry, and how much hangs upon the choice eternally alone can tell. There are watchmen at the gates who assure us that each year brings gifts peculiar to itself, and one year or one world does not restore the lost offerings of the other. "Long after we have passed away out of men's sight and out of men's memory the world with something that we have left within it, will be going on still," says Phillips Brooks, "and long after the world has passed away we shall go on somewhere, somehow, the same beings still, carrying into the depths of eternity something that the world has done for us that no other world could do."

Alexander Mocked.

New worlds, with each new year, to conquer, mock the cry of Alexander and declare indeed a new kingdom wherein to reign. Closer and closer comes the promise of that awakening hour when man shall in truth become "a living soul," and "with an eye made quiet by the power of harmony, and the deep power of joy," shall "see

into the life of things." How many a rose of morning and ripe fruit of the golden noon shall then return to him the science of life, which permits no lost good, nor wasted atom even, in all creation's bounds, may gloriously declare: "Where are the snows of yesterday?" whispers the tender poet, but the green of spring and the bloom of summer are nature's answer to his yearning cry.

And shall man be less blessed than nature in garnering the treasures of the year? Is that evil genius, that the ancients beheld standing at the door of the new year, forever to give lethe to drink that he may wander blindly into the unknown way, shorn of the best boons and talismans of the past? Ah, the poets who try life and love know better.

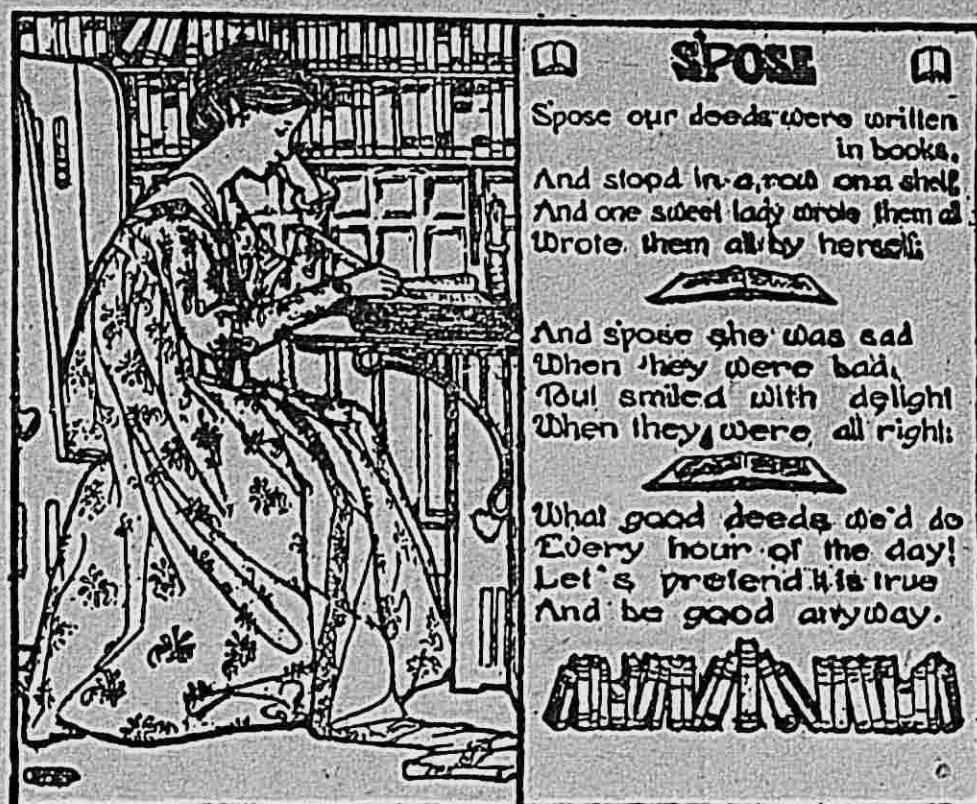
Each new year is a leaf of our love's rose;
It falls, but quick another rose leaf grows;
So is the flower from year to year the same,
But riches, for the dead leaves feed the flame.

Thus they read the riddle and the "million-centuried" sweetness that goes with it today. Neither is man drugged by any god or genius but the one within him, that he may "tell no tales" and carry no tokens from the departing year. What he tells to cheer or depress his comrades, what he carries to help or hinder both them and himself, is in the power of his own open-eyed choice. Perhaps the best hint that was ever offered to guide him is the brief and pointed one given by the sage, when he writes: "A man should make life and nature happier to us, or he had better never been born." It is the one pre-eminently in the air at the present moment. It would fill all the newspapers in the land and drive the quotation-adoring editors mad if one-quarter of the stout maxims of this nature which the times offer should demand place in their columns. Already their humorous writers are trying to demoralize them and send some of the cheerful and cheering-up people over to his Satanic majesty, where no doubt they are needed since the dry season set in.

Life's Logic Quaint.

If there be such a Satanic monarch, probably he loves the cheerful sinner just as heaven must love the cheerful saint. Yet the logic of life is against him. The smile is not legitimately the devil's sign. It is the pessimist who is playing into his hands, treating his sovereignty as if it could overthrow heaven's and all the power of the Eternal Goodness. To act as if they had a faith worth smiling over would seem to be the attitude of men who believed in a sovereign of love and omnipotence rather than one of malice and black arts, and it may be that the Christian world is at last finding it out. Certainly the Gospel evangel "Rejoice, rejoice!" is sounding anew through all the realms of Christendom and becoming a part of culture and philosophy everywhere. Fuller's counsel: "Be happy in the present moment and put not time to come, as though that time should be of another make from this," prevails in the intellectual as religious world, and promises to show "life whole" to more than a handful of seers and sages.

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION



SPOKE
Spoke our deeds were written
In books,
And stood in a row on a shelf
And one sweet lady stole them all
Wrote them all by herself.

And spoke she was sad
When they were told,
But smiled with delight
When they were all right.

What good deeds we'd do
Every hour of the day!
Let's pretend it's true
And be good anyway.

Entering the New Year

Take up the ark of the covenant and pass over.—Joshua, 3:6.

The long journey in the wilderness is over. The endless stretches of sand will haunt the tired eyes of the pilgrims no longer. Beyond the swiftly-girding river lies Canaan, the Land of Promise.

Joshua is a born leader of men and as such knows what they will do, if appealed to in the right way. The River Jordan flows between the Promised Land and his followers. It must be crossed. With the same feeling that afterward animated Douglas to take from his breast the jeweled heart of the dead Bruce and fling it over the heads of the advancing foe, shouting: "Fight, my men, for the heart of Bruce!" so Joshua, with the deep religious consciousness of a Jew, gives the order to carry forward the Ark of the Covenant. No one of his followers will dream of lagging behind when he sees that sacred symbol in front. And so, following in the footsteps of the priests, the people, old and young, cross the Jordan and enter upon a new phase of their national life.

The parallel between our case, as we stand on the threshold of a new year, and the Jews on the eve of their entering Canaan is so apparent that it can be seen at once. As the tired wanderers from Egypt stood facing the Promised Land, so do you and I stand facing 1909.

How are we going to commence our journey in the new year? Joshua,

though he lived long, long ago, and though he was but a leader of a mob of liberated slaves, can show us the way. The captain of the Jewish host sent forward the Ark of the Covenant. We, who are the children of the larger hope, can do nothing better than to send forward into the new year the Cross of Christ. Why? Because only by the power of the Cross can we hope to pass successfully through the trials and temptations and to overcome the kings of passion and selfishness which so surely lie waiting for us in the next 12 months.

It must appeal to nearly every one, this ending of an old year and the beginning of a new one. A man must be dull indeed if it awakens no thoughts of a larger life, a more consecrated manhood, a more devoted discipleship. The past, let us remember, is dead; the future is always alive. It holds aloft in its strong right hand the morning star of hope and whispers to each child of man: "It is never too late to mend."

Let us face the new year with brave hearts and better determinations, placing before us as we advance the Cross of Christ, believing that in proportion as we are loyal to this symbol shall we have strength given us to endure hardness as good soldiers of the Master, patience to suffer without giving way to despair, sorrow and misfortune, and spiritual courage, so that we can come through every temptation triumphant and unafraid.

New Year's in Manila

To occidental eyes New Year's day in Manila is a strange olla podrida of Christmas, Easter and Fourth of July, says the New York Press. The day is ushered in with early mass, celebrated in the cathedral, which is attended by all the women attired in old clothes, and the poorer class barefooted and the wealthy in somber black, with black mantillas or shawls, shrouding their heads. But immediately after breakfast, everybody begins to prink and preen for callers. Raven locks are plastered into elaborate coiffures with cocoanut oil and crowned with red or yellow blossoms, or in the case of a maiden who expects her lover to pay his respects to her on the New Year with the sweet starry flowers of the Jessamine, which are called throughout the island the "flowers of San Paquito," who is the patron saint of lovers. Stiff, trailing skirts of gay brocade and antebellum cut are donned, wide flowing sleeves of embroidered pink gauze and ample neckerchiefs of the same filmy material are adjusted and there is a tinkling of many bangle bracelets as the fair ones seat themselves to wait the arrival of the first caller.

His entrance is the signal for the jam pot to be brought in. This takes

the place of the steaming punch bowl of other lands, and is passed from hand to hand, each one taking a spoonful, no more, and everybody using the same spoon. It would be considered an unpardonable breach of etiquette to refuse to partake. The jam is followed by coffee, which is served very black and strong, and is half sugar. Strong, black cigars are next produced, and everybody lights up, including the hostess. It is a shock to the occidental mind to see young girls of 15 or 16 puffing away at long cigars, but every one smokes in the Philippines. The Spanish women usually confine themselves to cigarettes.

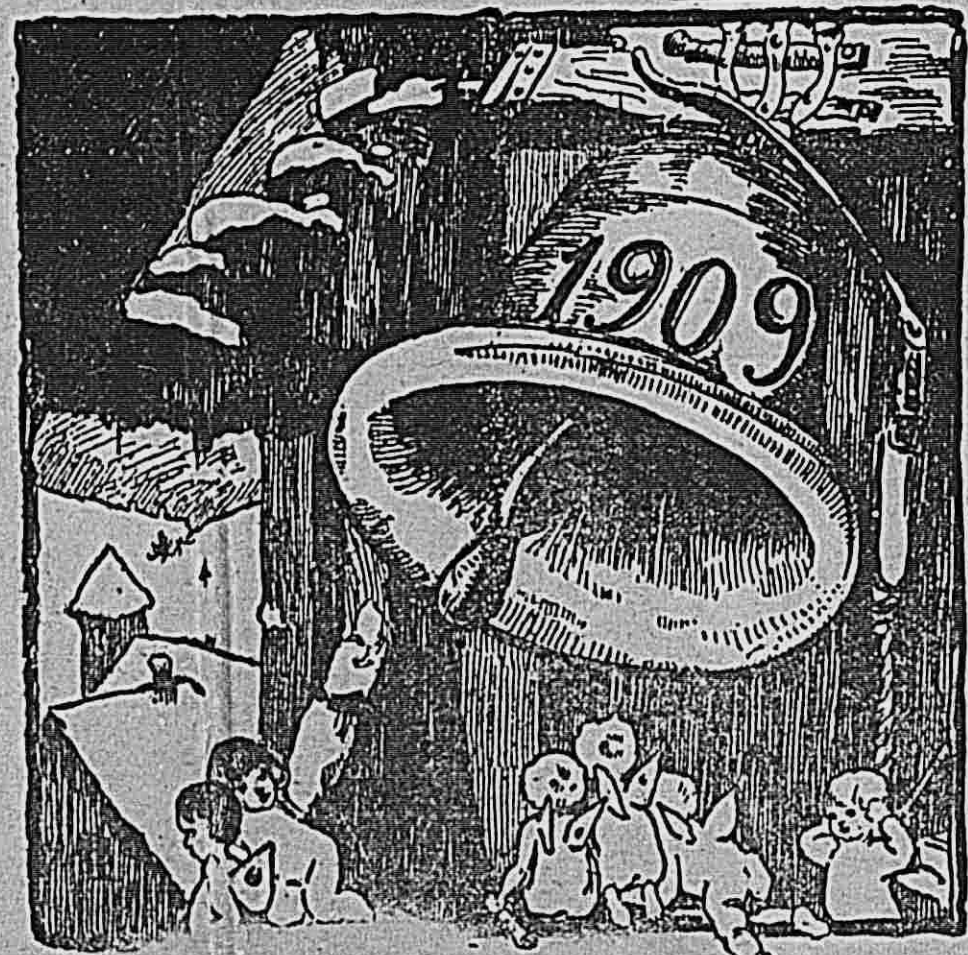
Many of the callers bring their guitars or mandolins, and there is always a little music. Some of the convent-bred girls are really excellent performers on the harp or piano, but pianos are always out of tune, owing to the damp climate. Impromptu concerts are organized, and occasionally there is skit dancing, in which the Filipino women excel, many elderly dames who are "heavyweights" executing the difficult native dances with a grace, agility and ease which would turn a New York or London music hall artist green with envy.

Real Purpose of Life

St. James asks: "What is thy life?" and his own answer to the question is: "For ye are a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." The brevity of life has been the subject of deep thought and of anxious solicitude in all ages of the world. The poet tells us: "Our birth is nothing but a dream, a shadow, a vapor, a swift flying cloud, or the autumn leaf. Such is life! this life we are living away; this life that will so soon be over; this life on whose transient breath hangs everlasting destiny."

But we fail to appreciate life's meaning if we spend our time in sighing over its brevity. Life is not merely a vapor that presently vanisheth. It is a journey to a fixed destination. We are not only going, but we are going somewhere; not into the depths of a mystic solitude to be extinguished and forgotten. Our destiny is not annihilation and nothingness. To go for-

ward aimlessly is the most inexcusable folly. To have around him all the evidences of God—and never to see them—to look upon a thousand church spires that point to an eternal life, and miss all their meanings, to be in a land of Bibles that reveals God's purposes for man's eternal destiny and be ignorant of his own end is indeed a negligence which it is difficult to comprehend. It is not death but life that is before us, not earthly life alone, but life a thread running interminably through the warp of eternity. Life is given us to be used with a view to its eternal destiny. To use it so as to give the soul room for its unfolding capacities, to use it to promote the highest good, to use it so as to make the most of it, that is to have before us a high and true ideal and the greatest hope for any event that can possibly follow. If we but work out our destiny according to the divine purpose it cannot fail to be eternal glory.



HOLIDAY GREETING

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Fruits and Confections

California Grapes. California Oranges.
California Lemons. California Celery.
Oriole seeded raisins. 4 Crown loose Mus-
catell raisins. Plum pudding cleaned cur-
rants. A quart Mason jar Olives 25c.
1 lb Cal. almonds 20c. 1 lb Cal. Walnuts 20c
1 lb choice Mixed Nuts 20c
1 lb California Figs 10c
Fancy Greening apples
Northern Spy apples

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY
AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO ALL

WILLIAMS BROS. DEPARTMENT STORE
ANTIOCH ILLINOIS

Hiding the Christmas Gifts

By J. M. WALCH



UHL looks something like snow, at that," said the man awaiting his turn at the barber shop, going to the door and looking out. "Beats the dickens what a short time there is between Fourth of July and Christmas, these years. I can remember the time when there was a stretch of about 14 years between the Fourth of July and Christmas, can't you, fellows? Why, Christmas'll be clomping along before we know it. Right now the time is drawing pretty close when a fellow will have to be mighty careful about opening bureau drawers when his wife is in the room if he doesn't want to be scared into a convulsion when she notices what he's doing. Y'see, this is just about the beginning of the season when wives start to hiding the Christmas presents they've bought for their husbands. Funny gag, that, too.

"Then there's another thing about this Christmas present hiding business. Most men stick it out that women are the curious, inquisitive sex, don't they? Well, I don't believe it. In my opinion men are a whole heap more curious and inquisitive than women. Fact is, I know it.

"For instance, a husband, 'long about this season that's approaching, is groping around for a fresh shirt upon getting up in the morning. He yanks out the wrong drawer of the bureau. Well, on this morning he pulls out the bottom bureau drawer, say, and his wife, who is fixing her hair at the chiffonier in another part of the room, catches him in the act just in time, lets out her little squawk, and races over to the bureau and pushes the drawer shut.

"So it's there, hey?" he says to her. "Scuse me for living," and then the mullethead goes on grinning like a chimpanzee while he brushes his hair. Then he turns to her.

"Watchoo got in there, anyway?" he asks her.

"She tells him, with a grimace, and very properly, that it's none of his business. And she adds something about folks that 'rubber'.

"But, say, g'wan and tell me what choo got in there, won't you?" he tries again, wheedlingly.

"Whereupon his wife makes mention of that fellow that met an untimely end through curiosity.

"That's all right about the cat," says the husband then, "but I'll bet you a new rubber plant that it's cigars that you've got in there." And then he begins to look a bit alarmed. "Say, I hope not, though, I'm thinking about swearing off smoking soon now, anyhow."

"But this hint of his about the cigars doesn't get the least bit of a rise out of her. Not much. Nothing whatever doing in the conversational line on her part.

"Oh, I'm a pinhead, sure enough," her husband says then, after a pause, and still consumed and just eaten alive by curiosity, "I might have known all the time that it's a shaving outfit. That's exactly what it is, for a sure thing."

"However, his wife most carefully adjusts her side combs and quite refrains from talking. Then he sticks his hands into his trousers pockets and looks her over quizzically.

"Aw, come on, now, like a good girl, and tell me if you've gone and got me that bath robe that we were looking at in the shop window the other afternoon," he says to her in his most persuasive tone.

"Say, Minnie, you might let a fellow see what you've got tucked in there, at that."

"Just compare the attitude of the average husband in this Christmas gift business with the position of his wife on that same subject. She doesn't really want to know what he is going to give her for Christmas. She wants to be 'sprised'.

"Look, here, hm," he says to her some morning along toward Christmas—usually he puts it off till about the last day, when everything is all picked over in the stores—Look a-here, my dear, whatchoo want for Christmas, hey? It's up to you, you know?"

"Why, the very best!" she exclaims. "Up to me! Preposterous! Why, it wouldn't be any Christmas gift at all if I told you what I wanted you to get for me."

"Oh, that's one way of looking at it," he says. "But I've known, I was thinking about getting you—"

"Sh-sh-sh! Stop!" she cries. "Don't you dare tell me, Jack Gosling. Don't you dare!"

"All the same, she's foxy, at that. After a while an idea strikes her.

"You know, of course, Jack," she says, musingly, "that if you are worried about the size of things, why, your sister Agnes and I wear exactly the same sizes in everything, and she—"

"But, nix," he breaks in. "It isn't anything that comes a-sizes. It's one of those—"

"And again her fingers go into her ears. The 'sprise' is the whole thing to her, and she is resolutely not to hear in advance what he is thinking of getting for her.

"Now, if all this doesn't come pretty near proving that when men are really less curious than women, then I dunno, I dunno, hey?"

A Christmas Day with Napoleon

By D. E. HENRY



APOLÉON BONA-PARTE, the "Child of Destiny," as he called himself, had yet a good deal of his destiny uncompleted, when, on Christmas eve, in the year 1800, he sent messengers forth to announce his intention of paying a visit to the Paris opera house that night.

He was now first consul, to which position he had been elected in November, 1799. "My reign began from the day I was made consul," he declared years afterwards, and in that phrase he accurately described his power.

Installed already at the Tuilleries with his beloved Josephine, he lived in regal state and exercised little less than despotic sway. Seven years before he was an unknown artillery officer. Now he was the most prominent man in Europe, proclaimed the savior of his country, and practically dictator. What events he had crowded into those seven years! The English had been driven from Toulon in 1793; he had suppressed the Paris insurrection of 1795; he had gone through his first victorious campaign in Italy, in 1796-7; had made his vigorous attempt to conquer Egypt, in 1797-9; and now was back again in France.

It was Christmas eve, however; the time when pleasures are expected to be indulged in, and Napoleon liked to show himself to the people in public places, for popularity was ever dear to him. So he would go to the opera that night.

He sat in an apartment overlooking the Tuilleries gardens awaiting the arrival of Fouché, the minister of police, who had been sent for to take his instructions. Josephine, to whom he had been married since 1796, had just left him, and he was alone when Fouché was announced.

"You have nothing further to report?" said Napoleon, his keen gaze fixed on the minister.

"Nothing."

"No new conspiracies?"

"None."

"And the old ones?"

"Well under surveillance. I am ready to strike at the necessary moment."

"Ah, M. le Ministre, your waiting gives them the opportunity of striking the first blow. This is not a soldier's way. You are only clever in watching plots; I want a man who can crush them at their inception. Fouché, you must strike now. Every suspect must go to prison. My death is desired by all the fanatical Royalists, Vendéens and Chouans in Paris, and Fouché has to stamp these conspiracies out. If Fouché does not, Napoleon will."

"First consul, you are safe," was all that Fouché replied.

"Safe or not," said Napoleon, impatiently, "I look to you to guard my life, and with that life the destinies of France. I shall visit the opera within an hour. You know your duty."

"Consider it done," and with that the famous police functionary departed.

Napoleon, who had been working hard all day and was tired, now fell asleep. When Josephine came in, dressed for the opera, she had the greatest difficulty in rousing him from the sound sleep into which he had fallen.

"Come, the carriage is waiting," she said.

"Let it be sent back," he said, drowsily. "I have changed my mind; I had rather not go to the opera to-night."

But in the end Josephine prevailed, and they went to the carriage, accompanied by Lannes and Bessières.

In the carriage Napoleon fell asleep again, and, as he afterwards related, began to dream of the danger he had run years before in crossing the Tagliamento during a flood by torchlight.

No attempt was made to awaken him, but just as they reached the corner of the Rue Nicaise a loud explosion was heard, and the first consul awoke with a sudden start.

"We are blown up!" he cried.

But death by assassination was not to be his destiny. An infernal machine of a most destructive character, prepared by St. Regent, had exploded, just a second too late to effect its deadly purpose. Although Napoleon escaped, 20 persons were killed and 53 wounded.

He ordered the coachman to drive on, and a few minutes later he and Josephine entered the opera and proceeded to their box. The house cheered again and again, Napoleon bowing in apparent calm. But he did not remain in the theater long. After an anxious look around at the audience, he turned to reassure Josephine, who was almost fainting with terror, and they returned to the Tuilleries.

Here he was met by Fouché, upon whom he turned with a fierce and contemptuous anger.

"I will see to this business myself," he cried with bitterness. "France shall be purged of these ruffians. It is not a question of my life, but of social order and public morality."

Within a few weeks all the leading conspirators were executed, and 133 other persons were seized, and, without trial, transported to French Guiana.

Lessons from the Christmas Woman

By MARGARET SPENCER



TELL you we ought to cut it out this year," said the hard-up husband.

The Christmas woman put both hands on his shoulders. "We can't cut out Christmas, dear," she told him, gently. "But that five dollars which my brother gave me on my birthday is going to cover every cent I spend. They'll be just little remembrances."

"That's it," he answered, impatiently. "You'll keep it up, one way or another, and at the last minute I'll mean if I don't get into the game and squander a lot of money on presents."

He closed the door and went away. By the time he had boarded the car for town he knew that she was right.

But the Christmas woman didn't know that he was thinking this.

She was busy in her own room, where, on a work table, lay a white shirt waist pattern stamped with a graceful design for embroidery. She had bought it for 50 cents, marked down from one dollar because it was the last. Her plan was to transfer its design to other pieces of cloth which she had in the house and so evolve three shirt waists, stamped for embroidery, to bestow on the three nieces, who liked to embroider. And all for 50 cents!

But the Christmas woman had just begun work, trying bravely to forget the hard-up husband's last words, when she was called downstairs to see the perfectly discouraged person, whose plaint was after this fashion: "Oh, dear! It's nothing to me how many shopping days there are to Christmas. I can't buy a thing."

"But, my dear," said the Christmas woman, "think what you can make out of that luxurious box of pieces you sketched me the other day!"

Thereupon she poured forth many suggestions about aprons and holders and shoe bags and top collars—enough to inspire a church bazaar.

"Oh, yes, but everything you make costs a little for ribbon or something," the perfectly discouraged person concluded, at the end of her depressing call. "I wish Christmas was past!"

Then she went straight home, pulled out her box of pieces, pondered over the Christmas woman's suggestions, schemed out a plan for saving a little money here and there, and then fell to work on her Christmas presents with new courage.

But that Christmas woman didn't know this.

She was getting at her own work again. This time she worked for fully five minutes undisturbed, then another visitor claimed her—this time the tired-to-death woman, who couldn't get away from her teething baby to go shopping, or to take one stitch on Christmas presents.

"Give me your list, and I'll shop for you," the Christmas woman volunteered.

"Mercy! I couldn't possibly tell what I want without seeing things," the tired-to-death woman protested.

Not until she was well on her way down the street did she realize that, with a little planning, she might shop by proxy after all. The idea, once it had penetrated her mind, pleased her so much that she was smiling like a really rested woman when she reached home and sat down to make out her list.

But the Christmas woman didn't know this.

"Have I called you downstairs when you were doing something important?" the dead-broke girl was asking of the Christmas woman by that time. "I'm sorry if I have, but I had to tell you my troubles. I'm in debt up to my ears. I haven't any right to give Christmas presents this year. I'm going to be cross until December 26."

"Oh, no!" the Christmas woman protested. "Why, keeping cheery is one kind of giving! And at least you can write Christmas letters."

"Why, who cares for those?" was the cynical answer. Yet an hour later, at her desk, the dead-broke girl was busily writing Christmas letters, filling them with borrowed sweetness and humming a happy tune as the words flowed from her pen.

But the Christmas woman didn't know this.

She had gone back to her room for the third time to find her work table empty. In vain she searched for the shirt-waist cloth.

"Bridget," she called at last, "have you taken anything out of my room?"

Bridget was washing the windows. "Only the clean rags for polishes," the glass, mum, she answered. "You said they'd be on your table."

"Oh!" she began. But at sight of Bridget's sorry face she caught herself. "Never mind, Bridget," she added. "Don't feel bad about it."

"Feel bad! Me!" echoed the astonished girl. The look in her eyes was full of admiration. "Sure, now, this is the first place I ever worked where the lady didn't get cross before Christmas!"

This time the Christmas woman knew.

With great gladness, because she had carried the message to one heart, she said, softly:

"Oh, but, Bridget, what do three little presents matter? It's joy that we must give!"

A Madonna of the Tenements

By MAUD TUCKER



HE dark face of Mrs. Carrucio looked pale and wan and bitter as she brought her children to the day nursery; and although she had turned to go, she seemed to expect the questioning voice of the teacher.

"O Miss Florence," she said, in very broken English, "there is no God! There cannot be a God! If there is one, he has long since forgotten us! No one cares for us! And life is very hard!"

Then she rolled back the shawl from her left arm, and showed an ugly wound in the arm where her husband had stabbed her with a stiletto.

The young teacher lost no time in taking the poor woman to a surgeon, who dressed the already infected wound, and dealt with a case so difficult that he barely saved the arm from amputation.

The poor woman accepted the help stoically, for suffering had wrought its work in her embittered spirit. A drunken, brutal husband, hard, incessant toil, and the care of three puny children weighed down her forlorn life. She lived in one basement room, and her washing supplied the children's food, when her husband did not succeed in getting the money first and spending it for drink.

"There is not a dog upon the street whose lot is not happier than mine," she said. "No, there is no God."

To the three children, Leonardo, Michael and Angelo, a fourth was soon added, and to her was given the name Rosie; for the mother did not recall the names of any Italian artists that would have fitted a little girl. And when the little girl was born, the worthless father deserted the home, which was perhaps the only thing he had done to help it for a long time.

It was no argument that changed the creed of the poor immigrant woman. The simplest necessities of life were imperatively needed in that home, and they were supplied. Day by day a visiting nurse came in and cared for her. Day by day the children were tended in the day nursery. Frequent visits of the teachers brought simple comforts to the poor tenement, and life became a little brighter. But the sad look was there of a woman whose hopes were gone, and who had drunk to the dregs the cup of bitter experience.

They had a Christmas tree at the nursery, with simple gifts for the children. When the exercises were over, and the teachers were taking down the tree, one of them proposed that they should carry it over to a home where one of the children was sick. The tree was too large, and had to be cut off, but it was still a respectable tree. And its reception in the first home was so enthusiastic that they carried it to another, and yet another. Nor were gifts lacking; for a quantity of second-hand toys had been received, and there was second-hand clothing for distribution as well.

A few of the children accompanied the tree to the first house and the procession grew. First went the tree, upheld by two or twenty children; then came the basket of decorations, then a basket of presents, and then the teachers and the throng. It was long after dinner time when they came to Mrs. Carrucio's one room.

It was a dark room, with one court window, and that window was filled with children who could not get in. The table was still loaded with the remains of the Christmas feast, and Mrs. Carrucio was holding Rosie, while the three boys gathered about her. Into the midst of the family group came the wonderful tree, for the eleventh time decorated with tinsel and glass balls, and lighted with candles.

It bore wonderful fruit—a shawl for the mother, shoes for the boys, white clothing for baby Rosie, and an odd collection of second-hand toys.

The light of the candles found a reflection in the face of the poor woman. She had seen the Lord in the love of his children. She looked at the tree, now bare of presents, but still radiant with candles and ornaments, and looked again at the faces of the teachers, and then at the face of her babe. Upon her knees she fell in front of the wonderful tree, and over her face, that had been too sad for weeping, the tears flowed freely as she knelt and uttered a prayer.

And her face became almost like the face of a Madonna, as she held her babe and sobbed her sad Magnificat in her native tongue—Youth's Companion.

The Christmas Spirit.

Pycherby is a hard-hearted man. The spirit of Christmas never touches him, and he always chooses Christmas eve to give his superfluous employees notice. His wife, however, is different; and she entered the dining-room with a troubled look.

"Oh, Gerald," she said, "Maud has just swallowed a quarter! What ever shall we do?"

Maud, he said, occupies the position of maid-of-all-work to the Pycherby household.

"Do?" repeated the master of the house. "Well, I suppose we'd better let her keep it. She'd have expected a Christmas-box, anyhow!"

A Newsboy's Merry Christmas

By D. M. EDWARDS



T WAS Christmas night and Patsey Higgins was "stuck"—that is, he had more papers than he could sell. With a small bundle under one arm and hands thrust deep in his pockets he strolled up Broadway in the happy Christmas crowds. Through the diamond frosted windows of the restaurants he could see the diners within laughing and animated over their holiday banquets.

He jingled a handful of pennies and nickels in his pocket and wondered how in the world a boy with a stock of unsold papers on his hands and only 22 cents with which to have his Christmas feast, keep him through the night and start him in business the next morning, had much chance to be so very happy.

As he plodded aimlessly across Forty-third street a big man, hulking of shoulder, lantern jawed and deep chested, lumbered out of a gambling house near by and swung into Broadway. Grumbling about "hitting me pretty hard" and "never had any luck in my life," he plowed his way across the sidewalk, lunging against any one whose path lay across his. He bowed through a line of mincing men and women who blocked the sidewalk in front of an all night restaurant, scattering them like tenpins and making no apologies. Blind to everything but his own ill luck, he noticed nothing until he came upon a disheveled and boisterous man holding a newsboy and trying to take his papers from him.

"What th' 'ell y' doin'?" growled the gambler, as he gave the unsteady man a quick punch and tumbled him into a pile of dirt, allowing the lad to dart out of harm's way, yelling in glee at the fallen tyrant.

"Y' big stiff," threatened the gambler, as he leaned over the man, "if y' peep another word I'll wring yer head off. Git up now an' go home t' your wife. An' I s'pose you'll beat her t' git even," he commented, as he turned away.

A few blocks further he heard a voice at his elbow:

"Say, mister, I want t' thank y' fer helpin' me when that dude pinched me papers."

"Run along, sonny; don't let it worry y' none."

"I want t' give y' a paper, mister."

"Trot!" returned the other, curtly. "Please take a paper, mister," persisted the lad, running along beside the man and holding out his bundle.

"Cause, gee! we don't often have folks help us like you done. I'm stuck to-night, anyway, an' have got plenty to spare."

The gambler stood still and sniffed the air as if at that moment, for the first time, he had caught the infection of the Christmas atmosphere.

"Pretty tough on some of you kids," he said. "Here, take this and go blow yourself," he added, as he pulled a greenback from his pocket, pressed it into the boy's hand and continued on his way.

"I ain't askin' you fer money," called Patsey, tagging along in the man's wake. "I jes' wanted t' give you a paper fer helpin' me."

The gambler made no reply, but walked on all the faster. He had gone a block further and evidently thought himself rid of the boy, when the latter suddenly piped out again:

"Please take yer money back, will yer—"

"Aw, beat it!" said the gambler, savagely.

Patsey stopped. He watched the form of his big man fade into the darkness and then looked at the crumpled greenback in his hands.

"Gee, wouldn't dat mos'ly crimp yer?" he mused as he turned back into the canyon of electric lights and headed for a place where he knew he would find cranberry sauce, steamed dumplings and mince pie at newsboy rates.

Under the Mistletoe.

Young Jones was coming down the stairs a night not long ago. And saw a figure in the hall. Beneath the mistletoe.

He chuckled softly to himself. And said, "Now, here's a lark! Who'er it is, I'll creep behind and kiss her in the dark!"

He did—but on her face the light fell suddenly aslant; He looked, and to his horror saw It was his maiden aunt!

Making It Easy.

Daughter—Ma, I think you'd better let pa smoke in the house.

Mother—I should like to know why? Daughter—Every Christmas we have trouble trying to find a present for him—Everything is so expensive, you know; but we can always get very pretty ash-trays at 25 cents!

Be Merry.

Make your own Christmas merry by making a merry Christmas for others.

Story of an Army Christmas

By Col. J. A. WATROUS, U.S.A.



HAT was my most memorable Christmas?

"The one which always comes back to me when thinking over Christmas festivities—comes rushing in at the head of the line—is that of 1862, but in telling of it it will be necessary to bring in the army, and I suppose you do not want anything that reminds of war in a Christmas talk."

From a number of voices, childish and others, came: "Yes, yes; that is just what we want, a story about Christmas in the army."

"The motion prevails, and you shall have what you vote for—a story of an army Christmas," said the veteran of three wars—the civil, Spanish-American and the Philippine insurrection.

"There were many troops in and about Manila in December, 1900. My temporary home was with an American family that had rented the large, beautiful mansion on San Sebastian street occupied by a Spanish admiral before Commodore Dewey sailed up Manila bay and said: 'You may fire, Gridley, when ready!'"

"This patriotic man and his wife, a former Wisconsin teacher, planned a Christmas dinner and party. They invited a dozen or more officers and their ladies. The dinner did not differ materially from most Christmas dinners, yet it reminded the diners of holiday events in far off America, and the conversation soon turned in that direction.

"One little army lady began to tell about a home Christmas, its tree and the good cheer, when she was a small girl. 'No other Christmas had seemed quite so heavenly, I can see how lovely that tree looked; I can hear daddy's voice as he called off the presents; can see mamma's smile as we children danced and chattered; I can see the happy gathering about the table Christmas-laden; I can hear daddy's request for a blessing and—and, well it was all so sweet and beautiful. Before another Christmas came I hadn't any daddy!'"

"The little lady's handkerchief was not the only one that brushed away a tear.

"Captain, this dinner reminds me of one our fathers have told us about."

"The captain was the son of a Wisconsin soldier of the civil war, and the speaker a lieutenant, the son of another civil war veteran."

"Tell us about it," said the wife of another captain.

"Yes, we want that story," said an old major of regulars, who had come down from the civil war.

"It was after the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., in 1862. Four tent-mates, one of whom was my father, and another the father of the lieutenant here, were remembered by their sweethearts. 'The four sweethearts got up the nicest kind of a Christmas dinner—did all of the cooking themselves—and sent it to their soldier boys. Accompanying it was a good, fat letter from each of the girls to her particular soldier boy. They told us of the table they set in their small tent, of the coffee they made, the comments as they ate the good things, of the four sweet girls, and how it was all enjoyed. Before the war was over all of the boys won commissions and were wounded, two of them twice, yet all returned home and married the four girls. One of those girls was the best woman ever born, and the lieutenant here will say the same about another of the four.'"

"And I will bear the same testimony as to another of those blessed sweethearts of 1862," said the wife of the other captain. "She was my mother."

"It is my turn to speak," said the old major. "I was one of the four to enjoy that Christmas dinner back of Stafford Heights, in 1862. The mother of my boys was second to none of the four sweethearts."

"Then the four—the captain, the lieutenant, the other captain's wife, and the old major—left the table, formed fours, shook hands, laughed, congratulated, and had such a reunion as seldom occurs."

"Well, well, well, what a little bit of a world it is, anyway," said the astonished hostess."

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Foot & Jenkins perfumes per oz.....	.40



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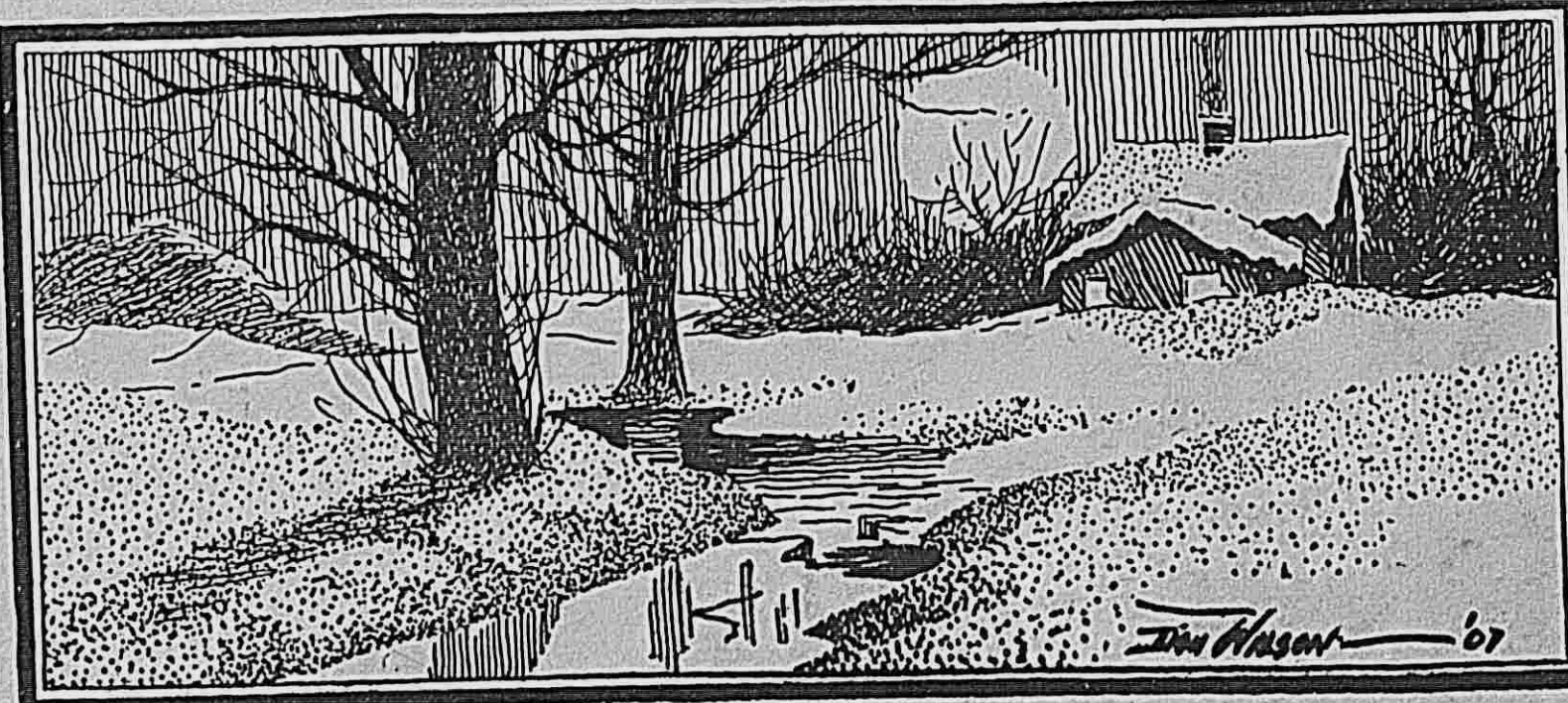
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